# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° Dⁱ[illegible] Franklin

JANUARY 25, 1908 5cts. THE COPY

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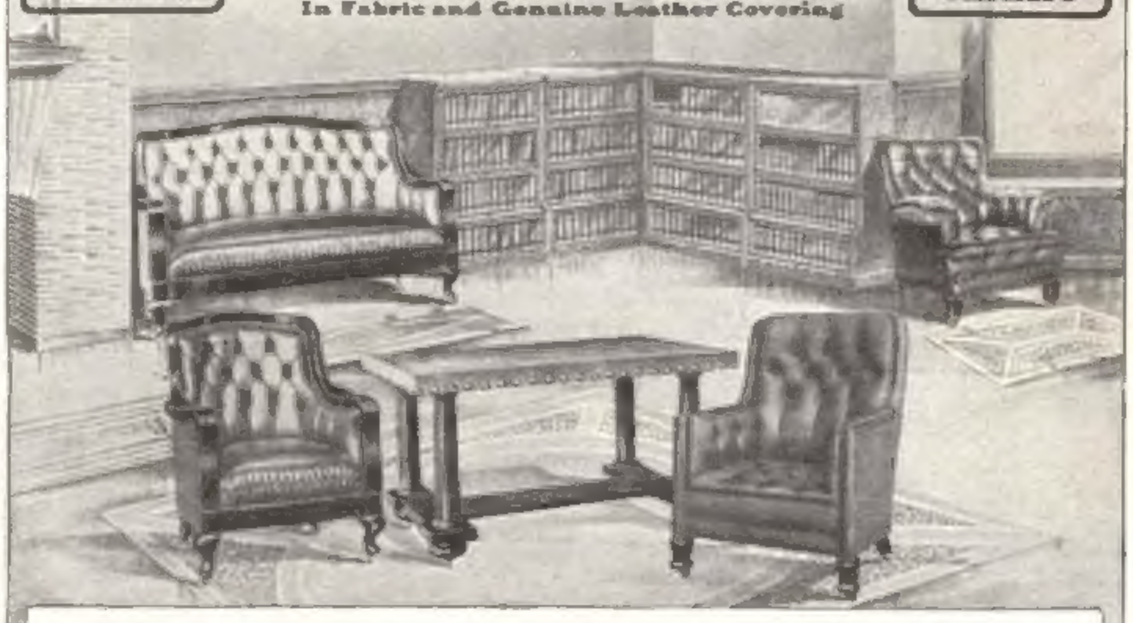

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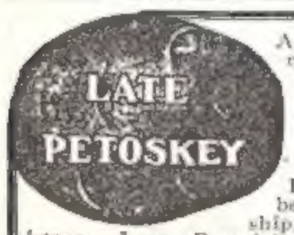


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AFTER


# The Editor's Column


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## A Medium Mystery

The same pull that made Martin McGee a New York sleuth made him a sergeant. He was no Sherlock Holmes—the sergeant would be the first to make that admission. But he knew criminals, and the summit of his art was the third degree. Wherefore, he became involved in the extraordinary case of **The Law and Laughing Eyes**—a mystery story by Will Irwin.

## Gilbert Parker's New Story

To the days when the border people took life as it was, looked it straight between the eyes, and lived up to it, without any fuss, Gilbert Parker returns in a story, called **Once at Red Man's River.** It is a story of the Yankee marshals and the redcoat police from Ottawa; a stirring narrative of daring and adventure. It will be illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, and it will appear next week.

## Young Lord Stranleigh

Next week we begin a new series of The Young Lord Stranleigh stories by Robert Barr. It will be remembered by those who read the former series that Mr. Barr's entertaining narratives have for their central figure a vastly wealthy and an apparently vastly foolish young English fop. But Stranleigh, in spite of his business inexperience, usually gets the better of the most astute men of the City. The first of the new series is called **The Rise of the Bendale Stores,** and it shows how a multi-millionaire became a successful shopkeeper.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# SOCIAL VENEER—By May Warwick

## How the Rich Young American Girl is Given a High Finish

THE best is just about good enough for my family," says the typical American; so, when his wife tells him that Dorothy must be sent to a finishing school, he simply asks, from habit, "How much?" with foresight adding two or three thousand for a margin. And Dorothy goes to a finishing school and comes back trained to be a rich man's daughter, but, the chances are, fit to be neither wife, mother nor citizen.

Finishing schools have come up since the American democratic ideal has begun to go down. Decades ago, when America assumed that she was still in the making, there were schools for girls, indeed, but the girls were never finished until their lives were finished. Their filial duties went beyond asking their fathers for an increased allowance; their capacities went beyond planning unique social functions and dancing favors, and keeping up with the latest fashions in jewelry. They were not merely veneered; they were genuine to the core, and they were developed from the cradle to the grave by the simple process of being useful to parents, husbands, children and neighbors. They were not *taught* to be "perfect gentlewomen, intellectually firm, and having poise, simplicity and graciousness," as the circular of one school promises.

The old-fashioned American girls were born gentle and democratic women, and where they lacked in poise and graciousness, the experiences of the family and community life supplied the want. But to-day, when family life and home training are in very rich homes an unknown quantity, when the home, indeed, is nothing but a huge hotel, about as conducive to companionship among its members as a hotel, and when the ideal is to escape from the community as not exclusive enough, the finishing school is selected to prepare the unlucky rich man's daughter for her future. A few rich men's daughters, indeed, are fortunate. They are the companions of sensible, simple parents, who have had their money long enough to know the difference between true and superficial breeding. If they send their daughters away at all they send them to the rare finishing schools that really teach something and insist on a spirit of democracy.

### The Chase of the Social Graces

BUT the great mass of finishing schools are attended by the daughters of the newly rich, by those who have money but have not yet social position. They have also a wrong kind of family life and false social ideals. No mother need send her daughter away to be trained if she is the right kind of mother, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a good education can be given the girl in her home town or near by. But the mother is not seeking a good education. She is not thinking of preparing her daughter to be a rational human being, genuine and self-forgetful, but rather to take on social airs and graces, to make choice friends, to learn to climb industriously toward the upper heights, where she will one day (it is hoped) walk perfectly. Schools where mothers expect to find all this abound from California to Maine, but the acme of their type is in New York City and the country round about. Mothers, with vim worthy of a better purpose, study eagerly the circulars of these schools. Sometimes they are not wealthy women, but they want their children to know wealthy people.

Said one mother—the most pathetic type of all—"I never had a good time when I was a girl. I was brought up with people I didn't like, and I had to work hard and was worn down with cares all my youth. I never had pretty clothes or jewelry and I never went to a party until after I had married, and then I was too tired to enjoy it. I have made up my mind that Marjory's life shall be different. I have taken every care from her shoulders and given her all the pleasures I could. Now I am going to send her to this New York finishing school, where she can meet girls in the best society of the city." A speculative look came over her face, which clearly meant, "And doubtless she will marry the brother of one of these girls." "Of course," she went on, "it has been, and will be, a hard pull to save money on three thousand a year; we shall have to scrimp for a long time. I expect she will cost us all of five thousand dollars for the two years she will be there. She must dress nicely and have pocket-money, like the other girls. I mean her to have all that any mother can give her child."

Doubtless, in two years Marjory will come back with extravagant tastes, discontented with her simple home, envying the lot of her rich friends, and will be, if she marries a poor man, a stone around his neck until he is "finished." For, of all undesirable wives, the most impossible is the penniless girl who has been associated with the wealthy.

"My reason for sending Bella off to school," said a brisk, pleasure-loving mother, "is that she is just too much like me: she wants a good time; she won't study, and she will go to parties. I assure you I can't keep her home evenings unless a boy calls, and then she is up till eleven o'clock, and her father won't interfere. I simply can't handle her any more, and I think I might just as well send her to an exclusive school, where she will be watched and chaperoned, and will be making good Eastern connections. When we have enough money we are going to New York, anyhow, and Bella might just as well be paving the way for us."

Probably, undisciplined Bella, put under finishing-school rules, will be one of the girls who lose the chaperon on a shopping tour, or who even slips out of her window after hours to meet a young man with whom she has been flirting in church.

A woman in a Newport set—and, for her type, very sensible—chose a finishing school to give her daughter future resources. "Ada isn't pretty," she said, "so, in spite of her money, she probably won't do as the other girls in her set—marry early and marry well. I can't have her a bluestocking sort of person, for she would grow away from me entirely, to say nothing of boring her friends; so college work is out of the question. Besides, she would meet all sorts of queer people. At Miss Philmore-Dacre's school she'll be with girls of her own set, and yet I can arrange for a special course where she can study literature, music and art, so as to keep her from being lonely in case she doesn't marry."

Not a word to the effect that Ada might keep other people from being lonely, that she might learn the workings of the factory town her father owns, and do something for his employees; only a conventional offering to keep Ada as well amused as a plain-featured rich girl may be.

Of these mothers only the last understands just which finishing schools count socially, and just how cleverly her daughter will be separated from any social undesirables who may have slipped in. The mothers not of the social elect hope and believe.

### The Inside Workings of an Exclusive School

A FINISHING school of a certain so-called exclusive type goes to work in the following fashion: it professes not to advertise, and yet there is not a summer when some of its teachers do not go to certain towns or cities for the purpose of delicate advertising. Perhaps the assistant principal may be spending two weeks in a country town in the West. She gives a little paper at an incipient women's club and, presently, half a dozen wealthy women in that and the neighboring town are planning quietly to send their daughters to the exclusive non-advertising school, where they may meet "the right sort of Eastern people." And what humor there is in the situation consists in the fact that the young Westerners go East and meet each other. This type of school is said to have a long waiting list. "Only," a lured, uninstructed mother is told, "of course, people do drop out from illness or because they go abroad, and so there may be a chance for your daughter to enter next autumn."

Not only the advertising but the atmosphere of such a school is carefully arranged. The principal and the two or three well-paid teachers are of the grande-dame type.

"She Won't Study, and She Will Go to Parties"

By subtle indirection it is conveyed that among the two hundred or more day scholars are to be found the very best people in New York. It would be too crude to mention names, yet the eager listener gathers whom they represent. As a result, nearly a hundred boarders flock to the school to meet the youthful élite of New York. It has been mentioned to the mothers of the boarders that the splendid educational idea of the small class is in vogue here, and the principal herself decides what each girl shall study and with what other five girls she shall be thrown in the recitation-rooms. The system is double-edged and can set at rest the social conscience of the society leader whose daughter is to be a day scholar and who must be shepherded alike from boarders and from other day scholars who are not of the chosen few.

### The Lures of Wily Principals

"THE system, Madam Forever Arrived, is so arranged that your daughters in their classes are likely to know only those with whom they can be on terms of social equality.'

Once a month only do the day scholars and boarders meet in a large assembly hall, whence they are closely shepherded to their various classrooms. Little Miss Climber, who wants to make a bosom friend of Miss Forever Arrived, could not possibly be thrown with that little sheep unless she bolted from the guiding teacher and fell forcibly on the aristocratic neck. There are one or two schools which have a waiting list, which do not advertise and which receive only the social elect. They are just as poor in their educational offering as the first type, their chief advantage accruing to the principal, who is saved the acutest sort of diplomacy.

If the two types just named contribute nothing valuable to a girl's education, give her probably no better training for a gentlewoman than she would receive at home, and teach her by example, if not by precept, a good deal of snobbishness, they are at least sure of their clientèle. But there are dozens of finishing schools living from year to year which must have pupils and are glad to take any one who can pay. Principals discover more or less adroitly what the parents want and offer that as the first object of the schools. Often they are dealing with good people who think in all democratic simplicity that their children must have the best of everything—education, society, food, amusements—and they are willing to allow their children to meet any man's daughter, so she be a genuine person; but, as a rule, the principals are dealing with people who want to be assured without indirection that the schools have claim to social preëminence.

The problem of the principals is how to represent the schools as having social preëminence and yet keep the doors open to people who are climbing, and yet, again, not to be branded as having made false statements. So they generally face both ways by giving a democratic flavor to their social pretensions, thus pretty well solving their problem, which would be more difficult if mothers were not so gullible. A very little thought ought to convince mothers that very few people in America have social preeminence, yet they usually put their own hopeful interpretation on the stock finishing-school remark: "You will find our girls to be from the very best people in America, and yet a nice democratic spirit prevails; each girl makes her own way; her mother's social position or her father's wealth has nothing to do with her place in the school." All honor to the democratic catchwords! the worldly mother takes them to mean that her daughter can climb anywhere. The rare unworldly person may think they mean that the situation is about as it is at home.

### What She Gets for Her Money

PARENTS are asked to pay well. The average finishing school comes to about fifteen hundred dollars a year and extras. Extras mean tuition for music (lessons are from three to five dollars each), art, chaperonage, church pew, church carriage, et cetera, et cetera. There are schools where the bills for mere tuition and board run up to three thousand, where young girls are allowed gorgeous suites of rooms and special hairdressers. For this money the circulars without exception offer "the best advantages, mental, moral, physical"—and social. The educational pretensions, now that the interest in higher education has penetrated from the masses to the classes, usually stand first. It is stated that girls may be prepared for college, or that the course may be general. It is nearly always the general course that is selected, and a girl stays about two years to take it. The general course is pretty futile. Subjects such as algebra are set down in the catalogue as "finished" in five months. Among other subjects are mythology, which most children should absorb in a good grade school. If such a study as cooking is in the catalogue, as a rule there is no arrangement made for really teaching it. "The girls do not ask for that; they come here for more expensive advantages," said one principal.

Often the teachers do not know how to teach and the textbooks they use are not worth teaching from. Usually the principals feel that they cannot afford to supply adequate teachers. The parents want to be shown a luxurious school; it costs much money to rent a handsome building and buy Kermanshah rugs, a grandfather's clock and a large copy of the Niké for the reception hall. And, as pupils would complain if saving were made on the board, it must be made on some of the teachers. Not on all; the show teachers of French and music must be handsomely paid, for they have names and records that look well in the circular; but for science, literature and mathematics some well-mannered college woman anxious to spend a year or two in New York will answer. The fact that her name in the catalogue is followed by B. A. will atone for the flat "a" in her speech. Or, perhaps, some old, timid woman without a degree is only too glad to take a position as a teacher for a pittance. Even when the teachers are adequate they have to deal with girls who have no ambition to study and whose parents have none for them. The policy of the school is never to send a girl home no matter how far below standard she is; so the best a conscientious person can do is to nurse the case along and let her somehow graduate.

These women not only teach but are constantly called on for the drudgery of chaperonage. One little woman in a famous school teaches mathematics, rings all the bells for classes, keeps books, wards a hall at night and does frequent duty as chaperon. Perhaps one of the most humane things about the finishing schools is that it is often overworked teachers and not the grande-dame principals who afford the girls real mothering and give them, by example, whatever notion of real inward courtesy they absorb.

Such as the teachers are, they hold classes all morning long and study periods for two hours in the afternoon. From outward seeming the girls really ought to learn something, for their day is checkered with lessons. Breakfast at 7:30; sometimes (shades of Horace Fletcher!) a brisk walk at eight. Next, a little Bible, and then lessons till one. Walking and riding and recreation all come at set hours. One evening is spent in sewing while a teacher reads aloud, but she does not question the girls afterward to see whether they have listened. Another is spent in dancing, a third in letter-writing, a fourth in hearing music, a fifth in listening to a talk on manners, and so on. The day is full of duties, but, judging from the average finishing-school product, they do not really tend to develop the girl. As a rule, nothing is done to teach her how to think. One school obliges each girl to make her own bed, and this is supposed to teach her independence; but in the current topic class, if she dares to express an opinion differing from that of the principal she is sternly put down. In most schools the girls are conventionally moulded like the checkers of their own day, and, if they do escape with any training that will fit them to meet problems in their future, it is due to some native good sense that has somehow survived the desire for social polish.

The moral offering is not much better. A good deal of attention is given to Bible study, but the finishing-school product is less likely to be a Good Samaritan or a Brother's Keeper than she is to be a Pharisee or a Laodicean. The girls are practically obliged to subscribe to all sorts of missionary societies, and it would look very shabby to give less than a dollar. They go to Sunday-school and to church, but, whatever the principal's view of the matter may be, the girls usually regard church as an exciting secular event. It is pleasing to have so many different people to look at after seeing teachers all week, and it may be He who gazed at her last Sunday will be standing by the door, and if she should drop her handkerchief he will pick it up. "Thy duty to thy neighbor is to love him as thyself"—that must depend upon the social standing of the neighbor. Good precepts, of course, they hear, but they could hear as good at home and could better live up to them.

Physically, the circulars tell you, the students are carefully looked after, and in a measure this is true. Some schools have a trained nurse in perpetual attendance; others have an isolation ward. There is always some kind of gymnasium work afforded, and walking is obligatory. "Don't forget your rubbers, young ladies," is a frequent cry. And yet there are schools, and one the most exclusive of all, where old-fashioned doctors treat any ailment as referring to the stomach, and others where a sick girl may be left alone for hours. The circulars speak of sanitary and airy bedrooms, but many of the schools are in old houses with shut-in bathrooms and bedrooms far from airy, which must accommodate two, three or even four girls. Of late years it has seemed rather swagger to have the schools in the country and to make a good deal of walking and riding and out-of-door games. If this is affectation, at least the girls in such schools are becoming physically fit.

### Cultivating the Bloom of Simplicity

AND the nature of the social education for which the girls are sent! They are to meet prominent people; sometimes an exclusive mother may be induced to come to an afternoon tea where the girls in the under strata look longingly at her and write home the news to their parents. Occasionally, a good-natured great man in politics or business will come (his wife and children in Europe); or a well-known author or musician will drop in for an hour to help glorify the school for a year. The people whom the grande-dame principal has met, however casually, from Gladstone to the Duke of Orleans, are not forgotten. But this is chiefly advertising. In the matter of training, the principal and teachers honestly do their best. To begin with, most of them would prefer to be surrounded by girls with good manners, and, besides, they want to turn out girls who will be a credit to the school. But the training is from the outside, because they have bad bringing up to reckon with, and a wrong social ideal so firmly implanted and so fostered by the general finishing-school system that right ideals seem to become interested worldly motives. Some of the ideals which are supposed to be implanted and bloom beautifully are right and sweet and just ideals that the old-fashioned gentlewoman used to have. "A young

And Comes Back Trained to be a Rich Man's Daughter

lady must be simple and inconspicuous," the girls are told. In some schools almost a uniform is demanded, and while the students dress for dinner they must wear simple white gowns. The difficulty—and it is much more the fault of the mothers and girls than it is of the system—is that the finishing-school girl does not wish to be inconspicuous, and if she takes on simplicity at all she does so as a pose which will make her conspicuous. She may learn indeed that she must not have a pompadour so large that she will be taken for a Fourteenth Street shopgirl. She may come down to breakfast so hastily dressed that she is reprimanded for having her collar on crooked, and yet she would prefer to go shopping in a gown that would make people turn to look at her.

Each school has its own way of putting on the veneer. The school which is, perhaps, the most exclusive in America has a system of calling a roll after breakfast to which the girls answer "perfect" or "imperfect." They are imperfect if they have come to breakfast with a hole in a garment, if a button is off, if the hair is untidy and (a question fitter for a slum district public school, surely, than for one where the children of the best people flock) if they have forgotten to brush their teeth or take a bath! In other schools they are simply quietly watched, and if, like Tom Sawyer, they have forgotten to go below the chin line or need more hairpins, they are sent back to their rooms between classes to complete their dressing. Some teachers even give girls lessons in the complete art of neat and solid dressing, from shoelaces firmly tied to a collar firmly adjusted. Talks are administered on the necessity of keeping spots from clothing, using a fork properly, managing elbows, on the disadvantages of giggling, shouting in the hall, and smiling at men one does not know. The girls are told that they must walk properly, stand properly, move through an introduction properly, and write proper social notes.

With all the rules and all the suggestions, formal and informal, the principals and teachers often seem to find the veneer difficult to lay on. Perhaps one reason why the day is so full of duties is that the finishing-school girl, hard to handle at the best, is impossible if she is given much leisure to make mischief with her friends. The girls are not only badly trained at home as a rule, but they have indulgent parents who write to ask this and that special privilege. The difficulty is complicated by the fact that the average girl will try to do at school things she would never think of doing at home. At home there are no formal rules to restrain her; she has some kind of outlet for her madcap inclinations. At school she chafes against the restraint; it seems to her funny to oppose bonds at no matter what cost of good taste.

### The Bribes that Bring Forbidden Fruit

BRIBING the elevator man or upper housemaid to bring in forbidden candy and French novels is nothing. It is funny to giggle and titter when a handsome young man looks admiringly at the "crocodile," which is the name for the line of girls walking two and two with a teacher at the end. Determined competition is made for the head of the crocodile, which is so far from the teacher that very effective eyes may be made from that position, to say nothing of a quick word or a handshake or the passing of a note to some attracted youth when the head of the crocodile suddenly whips around a corner well out of sight of the tail. Church is a splendid place for leaving notes in hymn-books or dropping them into the hats of seemingly devout young men standing bareheaded at the doors as the crocodile files in. Most of these girls are merely sentimental and silly. They are looking for an affinity, and where would it be more romantic to find him than in the streets of greater New York, while fettered two and two like galley slaves?

There are many girls who are disgusted at such folly, but there are others who, when reprimanded by the teachers, listen patiently to a language they cannot understand. If they are good-natured they simply credit the unknown talk to the fact that old people, like teachers who have never been married, know nothing of love's young dream, and parents are humdrum and have forgotten, or it may be they also are too old to understand that romance may live in the world to-day if only the right people undertake it. All this is a phase of silliness that passes, and the teachers so understand it and check it wherever they can. Properly to chaperon and watch the girls takes as much energy as teaching.

It sometimes happens that a girl is too shrewd for her guardian. One young woman was escorted to an aunt's house for the week-end, and was received at the door by a smiling servant. Later it came out that the aunt was away, the smiling servant had been bribed, and Miss Romance spent the days with a girl she had met casually at the theatre when she had had the good fortune to be at the choice end of the crocodile. This episode did not end unfortunately, except that, when it leaked out, it stimulated a spirit of adventure in the school. The school is fortunate to have only a comparatively harmless escapade; there is a long unwritten history of elopements.

(Continued on Page 29)

# MEN WHO GET CAUGHT

## THE LOST STRADIVARIUS

## By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY H. RALEIGH

IN THE year 1885 Jean Bott, a native of Hesse-Cassel, Germany, emigrated with his wife Matilda to this country, bringing with him a celebrated violin known as "The Duke of Cambridge Stradivarius,"* which he had purchased in 1873 for about three thousand thalers—a sum representing practically the savings of a lifetime. Bott had been leader of a small orchestra in Saxe-Meiningen as early as 1860, and was well advanced in years before he determined to seek his fortune in America. His wife was an elderly woman and they had no offspring.

"This violin, my husband and myself made up the family—I loved it like a child," she testified at the trial.

So also did Bott, the old musician, love his instrument, and no hand but his own was ever permitted to lift it from its case or dust its darkly-glowing surface.

Whatever may have been its owner's genius, he prospered little in the new world, and, although he labored conscientiously at his profession, the year 1894 found him still giving lessons upon the violin to only half a dozen pupils, and living in two rooms at 355 West Thirty-first Street. But Bott, having the soul of a true musician, cared but little for money and was happy enough so long as he could smoke his old meerschaum pipe and draw the bow across the cherished violin held lovingly to his cheek. Then hard times came a-knocking at the door. The meagre account in the savings-bank grew smaller and smaller. The landlord, the doctor and the grocer had to be paid. One night Bott laid down his pipe and, taking his wife's wrinkled hand in his, said gently:

"Matilda, there is nothing else—we must sell our violin!"

"Even so!" she answered, turning away her face that her husband might not see the tears. "As God wills."

The next day "The Duke of Cambridge Stradivarius" was offered for sale by Victor S. Flechter, a friend of Bott's, who was a dealer in musical instruments at 23 Union Square. It so happened that Nicolini, the husband of Adelina Patti, was ambitious to own a genuine Stradivarius, and had been looking for one for a long time, and, although he was but an indifferent player, he had, in default of skill to play, the money to buy. The matter was easily adjusted by Flechter, and Nicolini drew his check for forty-five hundred dollars, which, properly certified, was tendered to Bott. But Bott had never seen a certified check and was unaccustomed to the ways of business.

"If I part with my violin I must have real money—money that I can feel—money that I can count. It was that kind of money that I paid for my violin," said he doggedly.

Nicolini, in a rage, believing himself insulted, tore the check to bits and declared the transaction at an end.

Now the price agreed for the violin had been forty-five hundred dollars, of which Flechter was to receive five hundred dollars as his commission, and when, through old Professor Bott's stubbornness, the sale fell through, the dealer was naturally very angry. Out of this incident grew the case against Flechter.

The old musician was accustomed to leave his treasured instrument in the lowest drawer of his bureau at the boarding-house. He always removed it before his pupils arrived and never put it back until their departure, thus insuring the secrecy of its hiding-place, and only his wife, his sister-in-law, Mollenhauer, a friend, and Klopton, a prospective purchaser, knew where it lay.

The Stradivarius was Gone

On the morning of March 31, 1894, not long after the Nicolini incident, Bott gave a single lesson to a pupil at the boarding-house, and after his midday meal set out with his wife for Hoboken to visit a friend. The violin was left in its customary place. It was dark when they returned, and after throwing off his coat and lighting the gas the old man hastened to make sure that his precious violin was safe, but when he pulled out the drawer it was empty. The Stradivarius was gone, with its leather case, its two bows and its wooden box.

Half-distracted the musician and his wife searched everywhere in the room, in closets, under beds, even behind the curtains, before they could bring themselves to admit that the violin had, in fact, disappeared. Frantically Bott called for Ellen, the servant-girl. Yes, there had been a caller—a young man with dark hair and a small, dark mustache—at about five o'clock. He had waited about half an hour and then had said that he guessed he would go. She had not noticed that he took anything away with him. In his despair the old man turned to his old friend Flechter, and the next day the dealer came to express his sympathy. He urged Bott to notify the police of the theft, but the old man was prostrated with grief, and it was the wife who, with Ellen Clancy, finally accompanied Flechter to police headquarters. But the police had no idea who had taken the old fellow's fiddle, and did not particularly care anyway. Later they cared a good deal.

Bott now began an endless and almost hopeless search for his beloved instrument, visiting every place where violins were sold, every pawnshop and second-hand store again and again until the proprietors began to think the old man must be crazy. Sometimes Flechter went with him.

Once, the two traveled all the way over to New Jersey, but the scent proved to be a false one. Bott grew thinner and older week by week, almost day by day. When the professor did not feel equal to going outdoors Mrs. Bott went for him, and on these occasions often called at Flechter's store to report progress, ask his advice and secure his encouragement.

* Antonio Stradivari, the most celebrated violin maker who ever lived, was born in 1649 and died in 1737, in Cremona, Italy.

One day during one of these visits in the July following the loss of the violin Flechter handed Mrs. Bott a sheet of paper, saying:

"I have written something down here. If you have that printed and put a reward to it you will get your violin."

The wording, partly printed and partly written in script, ran as follows:

VIOLIN LOST. $500 REWARD

No questions asked for return of instrument taken from residence of Jean Bott March 31, 1894, 355 W. 31st St. Absolute safety and secrecy guaranteed. Victor S. Flechter, No. 21 Union Square, violin maker and dealer.

Mrs. Bott thanked him and took the notice away with her, but its publication had no result. The old professor began to fail, he no longer had an instrument upon which to teach his pupils, and such as he could avail himself of seemed harsh and discordant. He had no appetite, and even found no solace in his pipe. Almost penniless they were forced to give up their lodgings and move to Hoboken. Mrs. Bott still kept up the search, but the professor could no longer tramp the streets looking for his violin. He sat silent in his room, slowly, surely, dying of a broken heart.

In course of time some one advised Mrs. Bott to lay her case before the District Attorney, and accordingly, during the summer, she visited the Criminal Courts Building and told her story to Colonel Allen, one of the assistants, who became greatly interested. The overwrought old woman had begun to suspect everybody, and even to accuse her husband's friend, Flechter, of a lack of any real interest. She thought he ought to be able to find it if he really made the effort. Allen began to take notice. The sleuth in him pricked up its ears. Why, sure, certainly, Flechter was the one man who knew what Bott's violin was really worth—the one man who could sell it to advantage—and he had been done out of five hundred dollars by the old musician's stupidity. Allen thought he would take a look into the thing.

Bought the Bott Violin for Twenty Dollars

Now, there lived in the same boarding-house with Allen a friend of his named Harry P. Durden, and, to Durden, Allen recounted the story of the lost violin and voiced his suspicions of Flechter. Durden entered enthusiastically into the case, volunteering to play the part of an amateur detective. Accordingly Durden, accompanied by a Central Office man named Baird, visited Flechter's place of business and represented themselves as connoisseurs in violins and anxious to procure a genuine Strad. for a certain Mr. Wright in St. Paul. Flechter expressed entire confidence in his ability to procure one, and did almost succeed in purchasing for them the so-called "Jupiter Strad."

All this took time, and at last, on April 28, 1895, poor old Bott died in his boarding-house in Hoboken. After the funeral the widow settled up her affairs, changing her boarding-place temporarily, and, having no ties in this country, determined to return to end her days in the Fatherland. On May 21 she wrote to Flechter, who had lost all track of her, that her husband had died, that she had moved to 306 River Street, Hoboken, and that she thought seriously of going back to Germany. Two days later Flechter wrote the following letter to the Central Office man, who had given his name as Southan, an employee of the alleged Mr. Wright:

Mr. Southan, care of H. P. Durden.

*Dear Sir:* Write to inform you that I have a genuine Strad. to offer you and would like to see you at your earliest convenience.

Very respectfully yours,
Victor S. Flechter.

When Allen saw this letter it seemed to him absolutely to confirm his suspicions. Now that the only person in the world who had been authoritatively able to identify the "Duke of Cambridge" Stradivarius was dead Flechter was offering one for sale.

Then occurred the strangest thing of all. On May 28, five days after Flechter's letter to Southan, Mrs. Bott received the following extraordinary epistle. Like the notice given her by Flechter in his office, it was partly written in printed capitals and partly in script.

May 28, 1895.

To Mrs. Bott, 306 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

*Dear Madam:* I wish to inform you that the violin taken from your house some time ago will be returned if you are willing to abide by agreements that will be made between you and I later on. It was my intention first to dispose of it, but on account of its great value and the danger it would place me in by offering for sale being a violin maker and dealer and not being able to sell with safety for such a large sum of money I concluded to wait. I have now thought the matter over and come to the conclusion that a little money is better than none and if you are anxious for the return of the violin and willing to pay a sum of money, small compared with the value of the violin, I think we can make a deal. You can put a personal in the New York Sun saying I am willing to give a sum of money for the return of the violin. No questions asked. Mrs. J. Bott. When I see your personal in the Sun I will let you know how the exchange can be made. Cave-Dweller.

This letter appeared to be written in a somewhat similar hand to that which penned the offer of the reward, which, according to Mrs. Bott, was Flechter's. By this time the widow and Allen were in close communication. The "Cave-Dweller" letter, could it be shown to be in Flechter's penmanship, seemed to fix the crime on the violin dealer. Flechter's store is two flights up and looks out into Union Square. Before the window hangs a large gilded fiddle and the walls are decorated with pictures of famous musicians. In the rear is a safe where the more valuable instruments are kept; in the front sits Flechter himself, a stoutish man of middle height, with white hair and mustache. But on June 23, 1895, Flechter was out when Durden and Baird called, and only his clerk and office-boy were on hand. Durden wished, he said, to see the genuine Strad. about which Mr. Flechter had written him. The boy went to the safe and brought back a violin in a red silk bag. Inside was inscribed:

*Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis fecit Anno Domini 1725.*

The figures 17 were printed and the 25 written in ink. Durden examined it for some fifteen minutes and noticed certain markings upon it.

On June 26 they called again, found Flechter in and asked to see the violin. This time the dealer took it himself from the safe, and, at their request, carried it to 22 Gramercy Park, where Durden said he desired some experts to pass upon its genuineness. On the way over Flechter guaranteed it to be a geuine Strad., and said it belonged to a retired merchant named Rossman, who would expect to get four thousand dollars for it. He himself would want five hundred dollars, and Durden should have five hundred dollars, so that they must not take less than five thousand dollars.

Once at Allen's boarding-house Flechter played upon the violin for Durden and the supposed Southan, and then the former asked to be allowed to take the instrument to a rear room and show it to a friend. Here Mrs. Bott, with a man named Pierre Josephs, positively identified the violin as that of her husband, clasping it to her bosom like a long-lost child. This was enough for Durden, who gave the instrument back to Flechter and caused his arrest as he was passing out of the front gate. The outraged dealer stormed and raged, but the Car of Juggernaut had started upon its course, and that night Flechter was lodged in the city prison.

The next morning he was brought before Magistrate Flammer in the Jefferson Market Police Court and the violin was there taken out of its case, which the police had sealed. At this, the first hearing in this extraordinary case, Mrs. Bott, of course, identified the violin positively as "The Duke of Cambridge," and several other persons testified that, in substance, it was Bott's celebrated violin. But for the defendant a number of violin makers testified that it was not the Bott violin at all, and more—that it was not even a Stradivarius. One of them, John J. Eller, to whom it will be necessary to revert later, swore that the violin was *his*, stolen from him and brought to Flechter by the thief. On this testimony the magistrate naturally decided that the identity of the instrument had not been established and ordered that Flechter be discharged and the violin returned to him.

Ordinarily that would have been the end of the case, but Allen had his own private views as to the guilt of the dealer, and on August 28 the Grand Jury filed an indictment against Flechter accusing him of feloniously receiving stolen property—the violin—knowing it was stolen.

Great was Flechter's anger and chagrin, but he promptly gave bail and employed the ablest counsel he could afford. Whether or not he did anything else will always remain problematical. It is a case full of mysteries. Surely the strains of this wonderful instrument must have had a "dying fall" even when played by the loving hand of old Jean Bott.

Now began the second act of this tragedy of errors. The case was called for trial with the People's interests in the hands of James W. Osborne, just rising into the limelight as a resourceful and relentless prosecutor. I say the *People's* case, but perhaps *Allen's* case would be a more fitting title. For the defense Arthur W. Palmer held the fort, directing his fire upon Osborne and losing no advantage inadvertently given him. The noise of the conflict filled the courthouse and drowned the uproar on Broadway. Nightly and each morning the daily press gave columns to the proceedings. Every time the judge coughed the important fact was given due prominence. And every gibe of counsel carried behind it its insignia of recognition—"[*Laughter*]." It was one of those first great battles in which the professional value of compressed air as an explosive force and small pica type as projectiles was demonstrated. It was a combat of wind and lead—an endurance contest during which the jury slept fitfully for three long weeks.

Two things, the prosecution claimed, proved Flechter's guilt: First, the fact that the violin found in his possession was "The Duke of Cambridge"; Second, that the "Cave-Dweller" letter was in the same handwriting as Flechter's notice of reward.

Of course the latter proposition carried with it the necessity of proving in the first place that the notice itself was in Flechter's penmanship. Flechter said it wasn't, and that he had never told Mrs. Bott that it was. He claimed that his brother-in-law, John D. Abraham, wrote it. Mrs. Bott, he alleged, was an old lady and was mistaken in her testimony when she swore that he said, "I have written something down." He did not say so. Mr. Abraham said the same thing. He had written it himself sitting in an armchair, all but the words "355 W. 31st Street," which had been put in by a certain Mr. Jopling who had been present. Mr. Jopling swore that that was so, too.

But, on cross-examination, it developed that Mr. Abraham had been practicing making copies of the notice at the suggestion of the lawyer for the defense, and, when Mr. Jopling took the stand, he was called upon to explain an affidavit made by him for Assistant District Attorney Allen, in which he affirmed that he did not know *who* wrote the words "355 W. 31st Street." His explanation did not explain, and, anyhow, there did not seem to be any particular reason why Abraham and Jopling should have written Flechter's notice for him, except to create doubt as to his guilt. Besides, even if Flechter did *not* write it and Abraham *did*, it would still remain almost as bad for Flechter if it was shown that "Cave-Dweller" was his own brother-in-law. But Mrs. Bott was a woman who appealed strongly to a jury's sympathies, and she was clear that Flechter had said that he had written the notice. Moreover, she recalled that the date had first been written *May* and that Flechter had erased it and inserted *March* in its place. A microscopic examination revealed the fact that such an erasure had been made. When the smoke cleared the credibility of the defense appeared badly damaged. But the precise point was of little importance, after all. The great question was: Who was "Cave-Dweller"? On this point a number of witnesses testified from a general knowledge of Flechter's handwriting that the "Cave-Dweller" letter was his, and three well-known handwriting "experts" (Dr. Persifor Frazer, Mr. Daniel T. Ames and Mr. David Carvalho) swore that in their opinion the same hand wrote it that penned the notice.

It is not unlikely that Flechter's fear of a conviction led him to invite testimony in his behalf which would not bear the test of careful scrutiny. Many an innocent man has paid the penalty for uncommitted crime because he sought to bolster up his defense with doubtful evidence without which he would have been acquitted.

Naturally the chief point against Flechter, if it could be established, was his actual possession of the Bott Stradivarius when he was arrested. Upon this proposition Mrs. Bott was absolutely positive beyond the possibility of error. So were eight other witnesses for the prosecution. Then the defense produced a violin alleged to be the one exhibited in the police court and to be the same one brought by Flechter to Durden's house, and asked Mrs. Bott and her witnesses what they thought of it. Mrs. Bott could not identify it, but she swore no less positively that it was an entirely *different* violin from the one which she had seen before the magistrate. Then Osborne hurled his bomb over his enemy's parapet and cried loudly that a monstrous wicked fraud had been perpetrated to thwart Justice. That the defense had faked another violin and was now trying to foist the bogus thing in evidence to deceive the Court. *Ten witnesses* for the prosecution now swore that the violin so produced was *not* the one which

Flechter had tried to sell Durden. Of course it would have been easy to fake a violin, and the case sheds great light upon the possibilities of the "old violin" industry.

The star witness for the prosecution to prove that the instrument produced in the police court *was* the Bott violin was August M. Gemunder, and his testimony upon the trial before Recorder Goff is worthy of careful examination, since the jury considered it of great importance in reaching a verdict, even requesting that it should be re-read to them some hours after retiring to deliberate. Gemunder testified, in substance, that he belonged to a family which had been making violins for three generations and had himself been making them for twenty years, that he was familiar with Bott's Stradivarius, having seen it three times, and that he firmly believed a large part of the violin produced before the magistrate *was* the missing Bott—certainly the back and scroll. Moreover, he was able to describe the markings of the Bott violin even to the label inside it. It should be mentioned, however, that in the magistrate's court he had been called only to *describe* the Bott violin and not to *identify* the one produced as the Bott itself. He further swore that the violin now offered by the defense on the trial was not the one in evidence before the magistrate, but was one which he had sold some years before to one Charles Palm. The defense, on the other hand, called among its witnesses John P. Frederick, a violin maker, who testified that he was familiar with the Bott Strad. and had seen it in 1873 at Bott's house, Grenecher Castle, in Germany; that he had repaired it in this country in 1885; that the instrument in court was not a Strad. nor even a good imitation of one, and, of course, was not the "Duke of Cambridge," but that it *was* the identical instrument produced before the magistrate, and one which he recognized as having been sent him for repair by Charles Palm in 1885.

Thus both sides agreed that the fiddle now offered in evidence was a bogus Strad. once belonging to a man named Palm, the only element of conflict being as to whether or not it was the Palm violin which Flechter had offered Durden for sale, or, in fact, Bott's famous "Duke of Cambridge."

All this technical testimony about violins and violin structure naturally bored the jury almost to extinction, and even the bitter personal encounters of counsel did not serve to relieve the dreariness of the trial. One oasis of humor in this desert of dry evidence gave them passing refreshment, when a picturesque witness for the defense, an instrument maker named Franz Bruckner, from South Germany, having been asked if the violin shown him was a Strad., replied, with a grunt of disgust: "*Ach Himmel, nein!*" Being then invited to describe all the characteristics of genuine Stradivarius workmanship, he tore his hair and, with an expression of utter hopelessness upon his wrinkled face, exclaimed despairingly to the interpreter:

"Doctor, if I gave you lessons in this every day for three weeks you would know no more than you do now!"—an answer which was probably true, and equally so of the jury burdened with the almost impossible task of determining from this mass of conflicting opinion just where the truth really lay.

The chief witness for the defense was John J. Eller, who testified that he had been a musician for thirty years and a collector of violins; that the violin in court was the same one produced before the magistrate, and was not Bott's, but *his own;* that he had first seen it in the possession of Charles Palm in 1886 in his house in Eighth Street and St. Mark's Place, New York City, had borrowed it from Palm and played on it for two months in Seabright, and had finally purchased it from Palm in 1891, and continued to play in concerts upon it, until, having loaned it to a music teacher named Perotti, in Twenty-third Street, it was stolen from him by the latter and sold to Flechter. It appeared that Eller had at once brought suit against Flechter for the possession of the instrument, which suit, he asserted, he was still pressing in the courts, and he now declared that the violin was in exactly the same condition in every respect as when produced in the police court, although it had been changed in some respects since it had been stolen. It had originally been made of baked wood by one Dedier Nicholas (an instrument maker of the first half of the nineteenth century), and stamped with the maker's name, now covered by a Stradivarius label. Eller scornfully pointed out that no Strad. had ever been made of baked wood, and showed the jury certain pegs used by no other maker than Nicholas, and certain marks worn upon the instrument by his, the witness', own playing. He also exhibited the check with which he had paid for it.

In support of this evidence Charles Palm himself was called by the defense and identified the violin as one which he had bought some twelve years before for fifteen or twenty dollars and later sold to Eller. Upon the question of the identity of the instrument then lying before the jury this evidence was conclusive, but, of course, it did not satisfy the jury as to whether Flechter had tried to sell the Palm violin or Bott's violin to Durden. Unfortunately Eller's evidence gave the jury a chance to gain a side light on Flechter's general character, without which the trial might well have resulted in an acquittal.

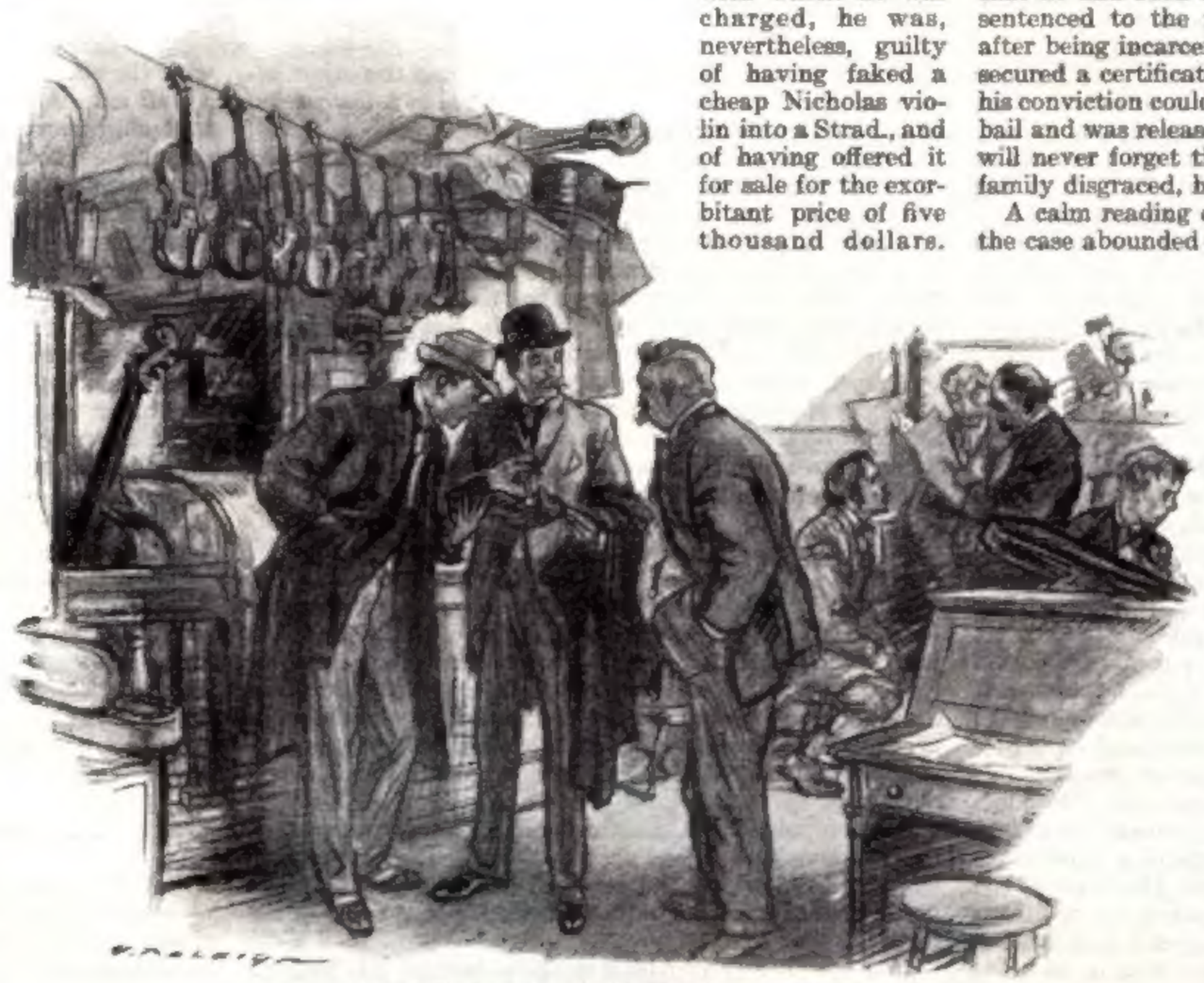
Eller had sworn that he was still vigorously endeavoring to get the Palm violin back from Flechter. As contradicting him in this respect, and as showing that the suit had not only been compromised but that he and Flechter were trying to put off the Palm violin as a genuine Stradivarius and share the profits of the fraud, the prosecution introduced this letter from the witness to his lawyer:

CLIFTON HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
March 23, 1896.

*Dear Counsellor:* Received your letter just now. I have been expecting Mr. Flechter's lawyer would settle with you; he got nine hundred dollars for the violin and Mr. Meyer arranged with myself for the half, four hundred and fifty dollars, which he proposed himself and have been expecting a settlement on their part long ago. I have assisted Mr. Palmer, his able lawyer, with the best of my ability, *and have covered Mr. Flechter's shortcomings of faking the violin to a Strad.*

Yours most sincerely, JOHN ELLER,
Metropolitan Opera Co., Chicago, Ill.

From this letter it seemed fairly clear that although the defendant might be innocent of the precise crime with which he was charged, he was, nevertheless, guilty of having faked a cheap Nicholas violin into a Strad., and of having offered it for sale for the exorbitant price of five thousand dollars.



Found Flechter in and Asked to See the Violin

The jury might properly have argued from this that if he were enough of a rascal to attempt to swindle Durden out of five thousand dollars by means of a bogus instrument he would not have hesitated to steal a genuine violin of the same value from Bott. And this luckless piece of evidence was what undoubtedly influenced the jury to convict him.

It will be recalled that ten witnesses for the prosecution had sworn that the violin offered in evidence was *not* the one produced in the police court, as against the defendant's five who asserted that it *was*.

The testimony was all highly technical and confusing, and the jury probably relied more upon their general impressions of the credibility of the witnesses than upon anything else. It is likely that most of the testimony, on both sides, in regard to the identity of the violin was honestly given, for the question was one upon which a genuine divergence of opinion was easily possible.

Eller's letter from Chicago so affected the jury that they disregarded his testimony and reverted to that of August Gemunder, to whose evidence attention has already been called, and who swore that it was "The Duke of Cambridge" which Flechter had tried to sell to Durden. Alas for the fallibility of even the most honest of witnesses!

The case was ably argued by both sides, and every phase of this curious tangle of evidence given its due consideration. The defense very properly laid stress upon the fact that it would have been a ridiculous performance for Flechter to write the "Cave-Dweller" letter and state therein that he was "a violin dealer or maker," thus pointing, unmistakably, to himself, and to state further that for one in his position to dispose of it would be difficult and dangerous. The only explanation for the "Cave-Dweller" letter which they could offer was that some one interested in procuring Flechter's downfall had caused it to be sent for that purpose. This might be either a business rival or some one connected with the prosecution.

While Palmer was summing up for the defense he noticed Assistant District Attorney Allen smiling, and, dramatically turning upon him, shouted: "This is no laughing matter, Colonel Allen. It is a very serious matter whether this man is to be allowed to-night to go home and kiss his little ones, or whether he is to be cast into jail because you used your brains to concoct a theory against him."

Another consideration, which seems deserving of weight, is that if Flechter did steal "The Duke of Cambridge" it would seem to have been a piece of incredible folly and carelessness upon his part to leave it in such an exposed place as the safe of his store, where it could be found by the police or shown by the office-boy to any one who called.

Yet the positive identification of August Gemunder and the fatal disclosures of Eller, coupled with the vehement insistence of the prosecution, led the jury to resolve what doubt they had in the case against the prisoner, and, after deliberating eight or ten hours and being out all night, they returned a verdict of guilty. Flechter broke down and declared bitterly that he was the victim of a conspiracy upon the part of his enemies, assisted by a too credulous prosecuting attorney. Everybody admitted that it was an extraordinary case, but the press was consistent in its clamor against Flechter, and opinion generally was that he had been rightly convicted. On May 22 he was sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve months, but, after being incarcerated in the Tombs for three weeks, he secured a certificate of reasonable doubt and a stay until his conviction could be reviewed on appeal. Then he gave bail and was released. But he had been in jail! Flechter will never forget that! And his reputation was gone, his family disgraced, his future and his business ruined.

A calm reading of the record of the trial suggests that the case abounded in doubts more or less reasonable, and that the court might well have taken it from the jury on that account. But a printed page of questions and answers carries with it no more than a suggestion of the value of testimony the real significance of which lies in the manner in which it is given, the tone of the voice and the flash of the eye.

Once again Flechter sat at his desk in the window behind the great gilded fiddle. There it hung, a gigantic suggestion of his crime, a mockery of his trade, for to him the violin no longer signified either gold or music. There he sat, a convicted felon, waiting for the footsteps of possible purchasers upon the stairs. To him, as to poor old Bott, the great Stradivarius had brought only sorrow. But for him the world had no pity.

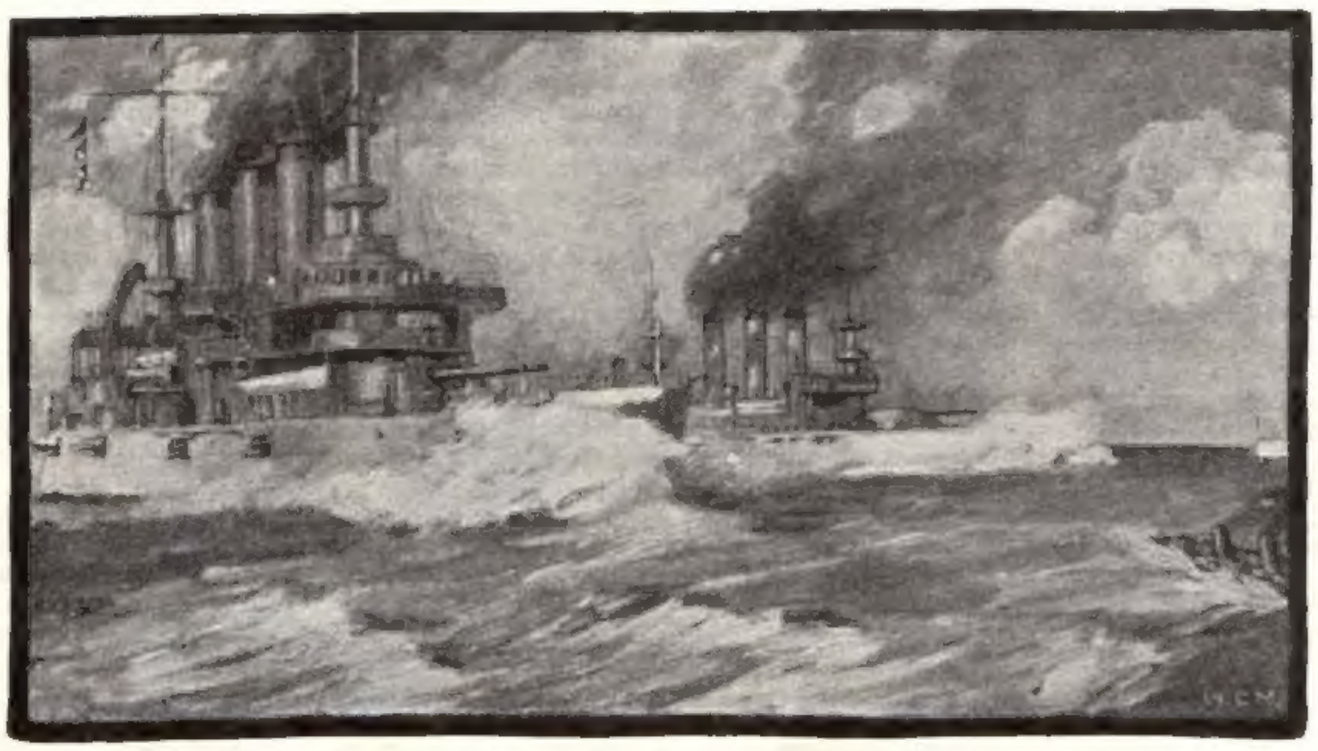
At last, after several years, the case came up in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in 1899. Flechter had been led to believe that his conviction would undoubtedly be reversed and a new trial ordered, which would be tantamount to an acquittal, for it was hardly likely in such an event that a second trial would be considered advisable upon the same evidence. But to his great disappointment his conviction was sustained by a divided court, in which only two of the five justices voted for a new trial. Again Fortune had averted her face. If only one more judge had thought the evidence insufficient! The great gilded fiddle seemed to Flechter an omen of misfortune. Once more he gave bail, this time in five thousand dollars, and was set at liberty pending his appeal to the highest court in the State. Once more he took his seat in his office trying to carry on his business.

But time had dragged on. People had forgotten all about Flechter and the lost Stradivarius, and when his conviction was affirmed little notice had been taken of the fact. It was generally assumed that having been sentenced he was in jail.

Then something happened which once more dragged Flechter into the limelight. Editors rushed to their files and dusted the cobwebs off the issues containing the accounts of the trial. The sign of the gilded fiddle became the daily centre of a throng of excited musicians, lawyers and reporters. The lost Stradivarius—the great "Duke of

*(Concluded on Page 30)*

# THE NEW REPORTER



## And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

WE ARE all shot to pieces here in Washington about the Navy. It seems to be in a bad way, this pride of the seas of ours. On one floor of the Department the bureaucrats are running around in circles and yelling "Treason!" because it has been intimated that a fairly good marksman could go out in a rowboat and sink almost any of our scourges of the ocean with a forty-five-calibre revolver. On the floor below there are officers who sit back in their swivel chairs and say: "Oh, very well, the truth is coming out at last. Since we did not build the ships you can see what sort of ships have been built by those people upstairs." You can get any shade of opinion you want from impassioned and perfervid heroes, ranging from the facts and figures to prove that our Navy is the best in the world, bar none, to figures and facts to show that the safety of any of the ships outside a dry dock is a miracle that is inexplicable, when you consider the kind of men who built them.

The line men are predicting the immediate dissolution of the whole structure and have washed their hands of it, and the staff men are turning flipflaps of joy and shouting that they have finally come into their rights. Rear-Admiral Brownson, former chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and the President's bosom friend, has resigned in a huff because the President intends to put a doctor in command of a hospital ship—if he can—and Surgeon-General Rixey, also the President's bosom friend, is grinning like a Cheshire cat because the President intends to do that very thing. The corridors are filled with rumors of courts martial for men who told the secrets of the Department, and for men who did not tell them. Distinguished officers are saying: "Is it not sad?—but it is just what I have predicted," and equally distinguished officers are proclaiming: "All this criticism is absurd, malicious and libelous." Admiral Dewey has celebrated his seventieth birthday, and is looking at the mess with the eye of a threescore-and-ten philosopher. Secretary Metcalf, the head of the Department, is having a fit of apprehension every fifteen minutes that makes him shake like a jig-saw, and is wondering what the President is going to tell him to do next. Assistant Secretary Newberry, who wants to be Secretary, is putting out a few anchors to the windward in case there should be anything doing in the Taft line by shouting that Michigan, his State, must and shall be for Taft. The whole line and staff controversy is torn wide open again. The fleet is somewhere down South, and everything is as calm as a meeting of a club of spinsters discussing, "Resolved, that marriage is the allotted destiny of woman."

### Bilge-Keels with the Marcel Wave

EVERY so often somebody arises to remark in lugubrious print that the American Navy is of about as much use, as a Navy, as a similar-sized collection of steins would be. He points out that the ships are built bottom-side up, that their jib-booms do not ratiocinate, that their bilge-keels are afflicted with the ondulation marcel, that none of the guns can be fired without warping the hawse-pipes, that the surest way to be defeated by an invader is to let our ships go into action, because they would blow themselves up, and that the garboard-strake on every single one of the first-class battleships has housemaid's knee. You can almost tell when some periodical is going to break out into a malignant rash on these subjects by the air of suppressed excitement in some of the bureaus in the Navy Department. You see, the criticism of the Navy on the outside comes from the inside first. These patriots who think they can do what is being done better than the other fellows supply the items, and then we learn, in a few weeks, of the deplorable condition of our ships.

I have been here long enough to find that out, for one or two of these same patriots have volunteered, in a purely confidential way, to supply me with such information as I needed, provided I cared to write an article showing that the officers of the Bureau of Construction or Navigation or what-not do not know what they are doing. Any reporter who knows anything about the Navy Department can get that kind of information any time he wants it. The *esprit de corps* of the Navy, in the Department, is for purposes of publication only. The real facts are that they are fighting like cats and dogs all the time, and that, even if the ships are unseaworthy, which they are not, it is a wonder there are any ships at all.

### What Happened When the Lid Came Off

PEOPLE who are interested in the Navy hoped when the personnel bill was passed that the old staff and line row, which had kept the service in a ferment for years, was settled, but, apparently, the row had just begun, for while the engineer corps was transferred to the line and the engineers given their proper line rank, the staff chaps, the paymasters and civil engineers and doctors were not. They have kept the pot boiling ever since, and when Admiral Brownson added his resignation to the joyousness of the holidays, and it was accepted with such promptness by the President, the lid came off and the people in the Department just spouted steam and water in blinding clouds.

It is specifically provided in the personnel bill that no staff man can be placed in command of a line man—that is, a paymaster could not command a ship or anybody on the ship who was in the line, the men who have to do with the actual running of the ship, nor could a doctor. The medical branch has held, vigorously, that they should have the right to be in supreme charge of their hospitals and of their hospital ships. The precedents and the law were against this. Still, after Surgeon-General Rixey had worked long enough with the President, Admiral Brownson, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was ordered to put a doctor in command of the hospital ship Relief. He refused and resigned, but the surgeon was appointed to take command of the ship. Now, Brownson and the President have been close friends. Brownson has money of his own and he has often had soft snaps. Brownson protested to the President. Rixey worked on the other side, and Rixey won.

During this muss Secretary Metcalf, who is a fine lawyer but otherwise a rather timid person, had been hopping up and down, and that is about all. Metcalf will do nothing without going to the White House and asking about it. He was merely excess baggage in this row. After Brownson resigned Winslow was put at the head of the Bureau of Navigation temporarily, for that is a most important bureau, having charge of the movement of the ships, and, later, Pillsbury was appointed. The story of Pillsbury's appointment is interesting as showing who is running the Navy Department. On New Year's Day, when the naval officers were coming along the line to shake hands with the President at the reception at the White House, the President held up Pillsbury and said: "I want you to come over to the White House to-night to see me." Pillsbury went and was appointed. Meantime, the whole Department is whirligigging about, with the staff men seemingly on top, for if they can get a staff man in command of a hospital ship, even though that ship must be manned and mastered by civilians, they have gained much and they will go on working to get control of their hospitals.

The whole thing shows the lack of harmony in the Navy Department. There are as many cliques as there are short men, tall men, lean men and fat men. If the Bureau of Construction makes plans for a ship that do not suit some person in that bureau or in another, or if some person has his plans rejected and sees another type of construction adopted, he hurries away to one of the service papers or to some other paper, and emits a loud wail about how the Navy is going to the bow-wows, how the ships are no better than wash-boilers, and how the men cannot shoot, cannot sail, cannot stoke. There is more jealousy there than there is in a musical comedy company. Let one clique tell it and the men in charge ought to be navigating canal boats, and let the men in charge have their say and you will discover that the men who are criticising are merely a lot of land lubbers who do not know a steam steering apparatus from a boatswain's whistle. The Navy may not be perfect, but it is not so imperfect as the soreheads who make their periodic growls would have us believe, and that is one of the things I have found out since I came to Washington.

### The Gum-Shoe Game in Full Blast

YOU'D think, from the continuous and continual line of conversation you hear in Washington, that the questions of selecting the next Presidential candidates and the electing of them were settled right here: not out in the States, nor at the ballot-boxes, but on this identical spot. Presidential candidates give Washingtonians their favorite food for talk. As soon as a new President is elected the gossips go to work electing the next one. Time is no object to them. They have nothing to do but talk, and they talk anybody who will listen to them deaf, dumb and blind on the prospects of any candidate who may be mentioned.

The people who live in Washington can shift quicker than any other class of persons on earth. They are getting ready to jump now. Before President Roosevelt reiterated his refusal to be a candidate again they were all Rooseveltian folks—for purposes of public consumption. Now that it looks as if some one else is to be nominated they are preparing to land on the band wagon the minute it starts. The clerks and small officeholders are in a serious pickle. They cannot discover what is to happen, and they are torn with doubts and fears. They may declare a wrong allegiance, which would be fatal from a Washington viewpoint.

They are not half so anxious as Congress, for Congress has an idea that it cuts a figure in selecting, and is anxious to begin cutting. Most of the avowed candidates are here, but none is far enough out of the woods to do much more than look intensely respectable and mark time. They are not enunciating any vital policies, nor are they hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they may. Instead, they are gum-shoeing about, peeking around corners

and hesitating to say anything that might be conclusive. Speaker Cannon, who wants to be nominated so badly that he dreams of it at night, has coyly remarked he is not a candidate, but will take the nomination if it is offered to him, which means if he can get it. Senator Knox has made a ringing address on the issues of the day, which consists of a discussion as to whether Peletiah Webster or Benjamin Franklin conceived the Constitution. Secretary Taft has unloaded a few tons of thrilling statistics about the Philippines, always a burning topic, and Vice-President Fairbanks has committed himself to the cause of Higher Education.

At that, when it comes to the Peletiah Webster issue Senator Knox may be obliged to revise his conclusions and revamp his forceful declaration on that imminent topic. Hannis Taylor is a studious person, who is special counsel for the Government in connection with the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, that celebrated body that is trying to find out how it is that fifteen times the assessed, natural and artificial value of everything that was on the island of Cuba before the Spanish War was destroyed during the war and during the preceding revolution, as shown by the claims presented by people who suffered these terrible losses and desire this Government to reimburse them. He was Minister to Spain under President Cleveland, and is a sharp on the Constitution and its genesis and interpretations. Mr. Taylor is committed to Peletiah Webster as the person who originated that immortal but much-abused document. When he read in his morning paper that Senator Knox had ventured to remark in his Pennsylvania speech that, in his opinion, Benjamin Franklin was responsible for the Constitution, Mr. Taylor sat down and wrote a brief paragraph of two columns in which he assured the Senator that the statement that Franklin had half as much, or a quarter, even, to do with the affair as Peletiah was so erroneous it seemed impossible a man so learned in the law as the Senator could have made it. Still, as he was convinced the Senator did make it, Mr. Taylor begged to say the Senator did not know what he was talking about. More than that, Mr. Taylor was so impressed with this idea that he challenged the Senator to debate the proposition at any time or place, strangle-hold not barred, thus showing that Presidential candidates should be very careful, even when dealing with so fixed a topic as the Constitution.

### Bargain Hunting in the Senate

WHEN the report of Charles G. Bennett, the Secretary of the Senate, came out I noticed that the men in the press gallery took copies and read them carefully. I asked about it and discovered that the report of the Secretary of the Senate is one of the standbys for an annual story. Mr. Bennett is obliged to report all the expenditures made by the Senate for the Senators, and a lot of interesting paragraphs can be dug out of it. It tells how many quinine pills the Senators consumed, what kind of mineral water they drink, how many hairbrushes they have, what patent medicines they favor and all that sort of thing. In addition, it shows how each Senator expended his stationery account of $125 a year. You can learn from it what newspapers and magazines the Senators take and how many manicure sets they use, and other important matters of a similar nature.

Every year the correspondents have written funny stories about this report, and it has girded Mr. Bennett, who is a most correct and methodical man, and who has a high veneration for the Senate. The Senate stationery shop is on the basement floor. It has many things for sale, including knives, pocketbooks, all kinds of pens and pencils, and much other stuff of a similar character. It is a fine place to buy stationery, for, if you have the privileges of the place, you can get everything at cost price, and the quality is always good. It has been the custom for the wives and daughters and lady friends of Senators to go to the stationery store and buy purely feminine knickknacks and charge them to the stationery accounts of the Senators. Then, when the Secretary's report came out, there would be hair-curlers and manicure sets and shopping bags and writing sets for ladies charged up against Senators, and the ribald correspondents would make remarks about the tastes of the statesmen in the public prints.

Secretary Bennett read these jibes at the Senators and was much hurt thereat. He determined to stop this particular sport of holding the Solons up to ridicule, and he issued an order forbidding the stationery shop to sell to anybody but Senators stationery to be charged to the $125 stationery account—that is, there must be no more bargain-hunting by the ladies of the Senatorial families in the Capitol. If the Senators want to buy pocketbooks and shopping bags for their lady friends they must buy them for cash. The stationery accounts, hereafter, are to be used for stationery for the Senators, bought by the Senators, and not for manicure sets bought by somebody else and charged to the Senators. Secretary Bennett thinks this will absolve him from the necessity of printing so many frivolous things in his report and that it will tend to preserve the dignity of the Senate. The order is mandatory. It reads as if Secretary Bennett was the master, instead of the servant, of the Senate. It says "must not" and "shall not." That is curious, too. Not many people can say "must" or "shall" to the Senate, unless the Senate wants to be addressed in that manner. No secretary would dare to issue such an order without the consent of the Senate.

And that gives rise to the thought that perhaps the new order was not due so much to the sensitiveness of Secretary Bennett or the ridicule of the newspapers as it was to the fact that the Senators needed a regulation that would enable them to refuse the fair pleaders who want a card to the stationery room and the privilege of buying some little thing and charging it to the Senator's account. It is just possible the Senators feel they can use that stationery money themselves.

# The Manœuvres of O-Yasu-san

## The Little Joke on Mrs. Tom and Mr. Middleton

By ONOTO WATANNA

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

O-YASU-SAN'S arrival at her aunt's hotel caused a sensation. She came, as her new guardian expressed it, in bits. First, her father's servants brought her baggage, diminutive boxes and trunks, thirty-five in all, for she was modern and very fashionable; then, two austere-looking ladies, who described themselves as chaperons; a governess, bearing the young lady's books and school mat and stool; a tittering maid, Yasu herself, flanked by her fiancé's father, her fiancé's mother, her fiancé's paternal and maternal grandparents, her fiancé's several sisters, and a quite uncountable number of kotowing relatives, of both sexes and all ages.

When, however, the last farewell had been bobbed and bowed, and the little train had at last dispersed, Mrs. Bailey found O-Yasu-san and the aforesaid tittering maid alone on her shapely hands. The maid had retired behind the skirts of her mistress, and the latter small individual, very much composed, and almost condescending in her manner, made known her identity. She was very attractive and entirely Japanese, in spite of her blood, save for two things at once observable. Her hair curled, and, where the charming obi of her race usually encircled the waist, there was a very tightly-laced French pink corset. She said:

"How dodo? I come. You velly nize aunty-san for me. Yaes."

Whereupon Mrs. Bailey laughed and kissed her, for she was Nina's child.

Many years before Nina Bailey had made one of those unusual marriages which occur in an ordinary English family only once, perhaps, in generations. She had married a Japanese while at school in Paris. He was an attaché of the legation there. The marriage was a happy one, in spite of predictions, though it lasted only a year. The Marquis Hakodate, grown old in a day, took his little girl back to Japan with him the day after her mother was laid to rest, and, in Japan, O-Yasu-san had passed all her days. Her education had been that of the ordinary Japanese girl, save that she had been taught the English language. A fiancé had been chosen for her. She indulged in dreams of young love in consequence, though she had never seen her fiancé at all. He was at college, somewhere.

Then one day her maid brought her the astonishing intelligence that a "foreign Mrs." was in the *ozashiki*. O-Yasu-san descended at once, precipitately. A hole made by a moist, plump finger in the *fusuma*, a bright eye and keen little ear alternately applied thereto, and O-Yasu-san had learned the history of her blood. She was not gloriously and honorably Japanese, after all, it seemed, but half barbarian. That accounted for—and excused—her uncertain temperament. The foreign Mrs. within was her aunt-in-law, wife of her mother's brother, and she had come to Japan, armed with a letter from O-Yasu's English grandmother, begging the Marquis Hakodate to permit her granddaughter to become acquainted with some of her mother's people, and to that end that she live with her aunt during the period of that lady's stay in Japan—a few months only. The Marquis Hakodate not only was willing to lend his daughter, so he courteously declared, but all his household and ancestors also. They were all at the service of the honorable Mrs. Mrs. Bailey, at first, had felt genuine alarm when the army of relatives and servitors presented themselves to her. Finally, however, O-Yasu, her maid, pets—a monkey, a chin and a pussy-cat—and her baggage, of course, settled down, and all seemed just as the lady had desired. Then, one night, plunged in sad and troubled thought, a solution suddenly presented itself to her for certain difficulties of the heart that at this time were afflicting her. She sent for Mr. Middleton the following day. She was a most resourceful lady, was this beautiful "Mrs. Tom," as she was called by her friends.

"Oh, My Lubber, My Lubber!" Sobbed Little O-Yasu-san

O-Yasu-san blew into the pink and white "boudoir" of her aunt. She was arrayed for conquest. Mrs. Tom was to receive friends this afternoon, and Yasu was to have the honor of pouring tea. The lady had given some pleasant thought to the graceful picture of little Yasu-san in silken kimono, sitting on her heels, pouring and serving tea for the gay galaxy of magpie callers. But now, as the girl came into the room, all smiles and twitters, Mrs. Tom threw up her white hands in horror.

"Whas matter?" demanded O-Yasu, in alarm, her bright eyes round in innocent astonishment.

"I told you to wear your kimono," said Mrs. Tom impatiently.

"Yaes," assented Yasu smilingly, "I got one on. See! Behold that *kee*-mono!" And she lifted up the accordion-pleated black voile skirt which an

accommodating jinrikiman in her confidence had bought for her at a European store. Underneath the skirt in question the scanty folds of a ruby-colored kimono were visible, while a tiny white-shod foot peeped out, guiltless of shoes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tom, almost tearfully, "you look a perfect little fright, and I wanted you to look your best — all Japanese."

"I am not *all* Japanese," Miss Yasu asseverated stiffly.

"But you look so sweet in your national dress. There, run along and get into it quickly."

"I am *nod* sweed," Yasu denied with fervor. "You gotter find out 'bout me. I nod sweed. Besides, I like wear this kind dress. So you do also."

Mrs. Tom was not fond of argument, nor was she used to being disobeyed. She shrugged her pretty shoulders a bit contemptuously.

"Oh, well," said she unpleasantly, "if you must wear European clothes, do so altogether. I *have* seen Japanese women appear half-way decent in a Paris frock; but you, my dear, are half-and-half. You look just ridiculous."

"Me?" said O-Yasu, with a queer little gleam in her eyes. "I *am* half-and-half? I like be that—ridiguluss." And all further parley, promises of sugary rewards, which had previously been quite enough to win her over to any desire of her aunt, were vainly tendered. Miss Yasu Bailey Hakodate, as she now was known, refused to be moved. And so, thus arrayed, she served the "exalted guests" of her aunty.

"How old are you, O-Yasu-san?"

The speaker, a very large and languid-looking Englishman, was seated on a stool, hard by the little table at which O-Yasu-san knelt. He was regarding the girl with a degree of interest mixed with humor, and occasionally his eye wandered craftily in the direction of his hostess, and always hers met his in a curious look of meaning.

O-Yasu paused a moment before answering the query addressed her. Then she looked directly at Mr. Middleton, and he forgot his question in unexpected internal speculation on the color of her eyes. They were golden, fringed with silken lashes of black. He thought of yellow-petaled daisies. Then her small, staccato voice, with its queer little ring of sarcasm, reached him:

"Thas not perlite question you mek," she said, "and my honorable aunt say in England nize gintleman not call maiden by her Clistian name."

He laughed, and gave her more attention now.

"Well, but we are in Japan," said he, "and it is polite here to inquire a person's age—is it not? Don't you Japanese consider that a compliment?"

"I am not Japanese," said O-Yasu-san, and put four lumps of sugar viciously into the Englishman's cup—a thimble in size—adding as she handed him the sickly-sweet beverage:

"In Japan thas perlite you dring *all* thas given unto you."

He tasted, then regarded her in mock reproach.

"You are *not* Japanese, I quote," said he, "and I refuse, therefore, to suffer."

Whereupon he set his cup down, and O-Yasu quite unaccountably fell to tittering and giggling to herself in a curiously suppressed, yet wholly youthful, fashion. Mr. Middleton watched her, his hand curled up near the side of his upper lip, where once a military mustache had flourished. "I am curious to know if you are laughing at me," said he.

"I god liddle joke all in my own haed," said Yasu, smiling vividly. "Some day I tell you. You want hear?"

"I am perishing to," he said.

"Very well," said she. "To-mollow, perhaps, I telling you."

"Oh, I am to see you, then, to-morrow?"

"Yaes—you want see me?"

"I intended to ask you if I might."

"Aevery day," said Miss Yasu, lowering her voice confidentially, "I take liddle walk out to Shiba Park. You know that white lotus pool? Thas where I like go—er—mebbe, to-mollow."

"Good!" exclaimed the Englishman, and, under the watchful eye of his hostess, he reached across and took O-Yasu's little limp hand in his and shook it cordially. Then he smiled—but it was at Mrs. Tom his smile was directed.

A little later, shaking hands with his hostess, in that affected uplifted mode then prevailing in society, she said, smiling teasingly—there were a dozen friends at hand:

"Aha! my friend, another conquest for our little maid, eh?"

He responded more warmly than they had agreed upon:

"Quite adorable—altogether——" The rest was lost in the hubbub of chatter about them, but what he actually conveyed to Mrs. Tom's ear was this:

"Easy as fishing. Little lady herself arranged it all. Didn't have to suggest seeing her again. She even mentioned Shiba Park—the place of rendezvous agreed upon. Everything is falling in, apparently, with our plans. The gods wish us well, it seems."

Mrs. Tom's voice was raised, her face seemed grave, in spite of its seeming graciousness. Her friends heard her say:

"How sweet of Yasu-san. We shall be delighted, of course. I'm sure every one will envy me my little task of chaperon. Yasu is only a little girl—a mere child, you know. To-morrow, then. *Good*-night!"

Now, O-Yasu-san said nothing to her aunt of her engagement with Mr. Middleton, but, the following day, she appeared at the pool in question, a perfect little flower in appearance, gorgeous in purple kimono, flowered obi, gay parasol and glossy hair, bright with gilded ornaments. She found her swain in the company of Mrs. Tom, who surveyed her very benignly.

"*Ohayo gozaramasu,*" said Yasu, bowing extravagantly to the Englishman, and then very coldly to her aunt:

"Goo-by. I got nize ingagement make a talk with this English mister. Please mek excusing yourself."

"Be-cause You Gotta Big Mouth. You Speag All Things Loud"

"Dear," said Mrs. Tom, in her most syrup-like tones, "young English girls must always be chaperoned, you know. I couldn't think of letting you be alone with Mr. Middleton, my dear."

O-Yasu snapped her parasol closed, and said crossly:

"*I* am not English-jin."

She sat for some time thereafter on the curved stone wall of the pool, apparently oblivious of the two a short distance removed from her, and certainly themselves oblivious now of her presence. O-Yasu contemplated the sparkling-bodied goldfish and dropped pebbles, one by one, into the water. But, in the midst of some very ardent declaration, Mr. Middleton's eyes encountered the sidelong contemptuous smile of O-Yasu-san. He colored to the ears and said in a rough whisper to Mrs. Tom, "Careful!"

She glanced about with the stealthy look of the guilty, and he crossed to O-Yasu at the pool. She leaned over the water, and he, watching her, saw that she was laughing in that elfin way of the previous evening.

"Oh, Miss Yasu, you were going to tell me, last night, some secret. Don't you remember?"

"Anudder day I tell my liddle—no, grade *big* joke on you."

"On me?"

"Yaes." Her eyes big and innocent. "I telling on you."

"Tell me, too," chimed in, sweetly, her aunt.

She shook her head vigorously now.

"I naever tell unto *you*," she said.

"Why?"

"Be-cause you gotta big mouth. You speag all things loud—mek big noises. I nod telling you."

And having oracularly delivered this astonishing snub — a truth, moreover—to her speechless aunt, she deliberately turned upon that lady a small, disdainful back, decked with an obi butterfly bow of huge dimensions.

Mrs. Tom looked up at her friend. Then she turned a trifle pale. *He* was laughing.

The meetings at the pool occurred daily now—even on rainy days when, arrayed in preposterous rubber coats, they sought the shelter of some flowering arbor. And every day O-Yasu laughed to herself, and said she had a "joke," and sometimes she would make believe to tell her "joke." Once it was a bunch of hair, which she withdrew from the bosom of her kimono. It belonged to her aunt. Yasu had playfully hidden it to show to the foreign mister. Another time she appeared with her aunt's shoes upon her own diminutive feet, and, in the midst of her innocent mirth, showed the gentleman the size of the same. And again she appeared "writing on her eyebrows," aunty's pencil being useful for that purpose. And so on, until, bit by bit, she had playfully stripped the lady of all her clever feminine devices to stop the march of time upon her beauty. And always the Englishman—laughed.

O-Yasu had become a vital factor in this curious triple courtship. It was said among the foreign colony that the Englishman was a suitor for the hand of O-Yasu-san.

Mrs. Tom's plans had been more than successful, and she had reached a stage now where she found herself attempting to unravel the net in which she had unconsciously enmeshed herself. She had acquired an almost abnormal hatred for her niece; for, though the girl had made possible her daily meetings with her lover, yet Mrs. Tom had awakened to the electrical fact that O-Yasu-san was acutely aware of her manœuvres. She tried to convey this discovery to her lover, but O-Yasu, always obtrusively close at hand, overheard the words and stood before them a picture of obtuse innocence.

"Make no mistake about Yasu," had said Mrs. Tom bitterly, "*she* knows exactly why we come here." The Englishman had whispered feeling words of the apparent innocence and sweetness of the "child."

"Yaes, yaes, *me* knows—me knows allee 'bout it," asserted Yasu sweepingly. "Mister Middleton—he—he—lub me. Thas vaery nize. Thangs. Much 'bliged. All lide. Me mek marry wiz you ride 'way. Put you nize head mos' respectfully unto my august father's most honorable feet. Say like this: 'Guv me your most beautiful daughter.' My fadder say: 'She is nudding but a worm, but tek her. Help youself. When you like marry?' Then I am ad liddle hole on *fusuma*. I rush in quick like thees," and she illustrated with a rush toward the Englishman, seizing his hands impetuously in her own. "I say: 'Ride away, ride away mek that marriage. Hoarry. I got liddle joke telling him.' Then my fadder say: 'What is thad joke?' And I answer at once, like filial daughter, 'I *lub* him—and he also lubbing me. *Thas* my joke,'" and she brought out the word "love" with such fervid violence that the Englishman tingled; and a good part of that night he spent smoking under the stars, repeating to himself over and over again:

"And to think *that* was my poor little devil's joke. What a —— I am."

Mrs. Tom took to writing letters to him:

"*My dear Jim:*

"Wake up. Beware of that little Japanese fraud. Believe me, she is absolutely alive to ——"

And, just then, O-Yasu-san looked over her shoulder.

"Why," said she, "you writing unto my lubber! 'Jim'! Thas hes beautiful name of heem. What you writing?" For Mrs. Tom had crushed up the letter and now sat with it clenched in her delicate fist. She stood up suddenly, her eyes narrowed menacingly. From her queenly height she looked down at little dwarfed O-Yasu. For a moment they surveyed each other in silence. Then O-Yasu said, in that guileless, naïve way which never deceived her aunt for a moment:

"Never mind, I see thad letter some udder day. All hosbands read those letters to their wives. Mr. Meedleton going show me thad letter some day."

Mrs. Tom spoke succinctly:

"You and I understand each other perfectly, O-Yasu. I will tell you one thing, however. You will never marry Jim Middleton, and, in a few days, I will see that you are returned to your own people—the people to whom you really belong."

The following morning the Marquis Hakodate called solemnly upon Mrs. Thomas J. Bailey, and most of the morning was shut up in her room with her. Alas! the hotel walls were not paper *shoji* and O-Yasu was unable either to see or hear; and a prying maid in her confidence, who had crawled along a perilous rain pipe to gain egress in some way to the room, was observed by a stupid, open-mouthed bell-boy, who, a lover of the aforesaid maid, gallantly ascended another drain pipe to rescue her. Whereupon, a wordy war ensuing, the argument came to a violent end, maid and boy crashing down to the court below and picking themselves up ruffled and bruised from head to foot.

Presently O-Yasu-san was called into the room. Her father's face was very grave; her aunt smiled upon her.

"O-Yasu, dear," said she, "your papa deems it expedient that your marriage to the Marquis Momoso should take place immediately. I congratulate you upon your good fortune"

"Thangs," said little Yasu dryly, but she turned her eyes inquiringly upon her father. Still grave, he said briefly: "Have your insignificant belongings packed at once, my daughter, as I wish you to return with me to your home this evening."

After a deep bow signifying obedience to her father, O-Yasu turned a beaming face upon her aunty.

"Thangs ag'in," said she; "you mos' kind aunty in all the whole worl', b-but *please* permit me stay wiz you liddle bit longer," she pleaded.

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. Tom, smiling graciously, "I only wish you could stay with me longer, but, of course, it must be as your father says."

Whereupon, O-Yasu turned to her father quickly. His eyes regarded her tenderly and lovingly, for it had been many days since he had seen her. She said:

"Dear my father, it is the wish of my honorable aunty that I should stay with her much longer, and she begs that you permit it."

This was said in Japanese, while Mrs. Tom drew her brows petulantly together, and clasped her finger in nervous exasperation. Bowing deeply, the Marquis Hakodate said in English, a language he spoke perfectly:

"I thank you, madame. It is very kind of you to wish the longer stay of my daughter, but——"

"Oh, please, *pl-ease*, father," coaxed little O-Yasu, seizing his hands, and holding them tightly, and entreating his glance. He coughed uneasily, for he had been made aware of the danger from the designing Englishman pursuing his daughter. "Please, permit me to remain," begged O-Yasu, tears in her voice now.

"Till to-morrow, then," said he gruffly; "to-morrow morning—at eight o'clock, you must leave."

O-Yasu looked piteously at her aunt, who was looking above the child's head into space. Then she said meekly, "Thangs. Vaery well. I will go home to-morrow—at eight."

The following morning, some time before sunrise, she shook into wakefulness her grumbling but finally excited and curious maid, and for some time thereafter the two fell back and forth into each other's arms, thus smothering back the ebullient mirth which possessed them. In the gray of the morning the gaping-mouthed bell-boy spied them stealing forth, but he told no one. He was in the secret—via the maid. Also his services were required.

When Mrs. Tom, at seven A. M., discovered that O-Yasu was gone, and with her her maid and all her petty belongings, a thrill of fear shot through her. Some women would have reasoned that O-Yasu had returned to her home. Not so Mrs. Tom, who at this time was palpitating with all the intuitions of a woman guiltily in love. Her mind could jump to startlingly true conclusions. That is why the address she gave to the runner who brought the jinrikisha to her was the same as that given earlier in the morning by O-Yasu to a public jinrikiman of Tokyo.

Mrs. Tom's boy, however, flew swiftly to the southward, while O-Yasu's man had gone east. And Mrs. Tom's boy stumbled as they passed through one of those strange waste places of the city which seem almost like deserted country—stumbled, fell, and broke the shaft of his vehicle. So there was Mrs. Tom, doomed to wait—and wait—and wait, until the gaping bell-boy should return from his quest for another carriage.

Meanwhile: Rap! rap! rap! on the woodwork of the English mister's room. A murmured grumble inside. Rap! rap!

"What is it?"

"Veesitors, Excellency," shrilled the English mister's "boy," a weazened, wise old fellow of sixty.

"Visitors," exploded the voice within. "What the—— You, Tomagawa, what do you mean by waking me at this hour?"

"Veesitors!" patiently repeated Tomagawa, a note of reproach in his voice.

A noise heard inside—the tramp of a heavy man, barefooted, across the floor. Then the door opened a crack. As it did so a little figure darted forward, thrust itself through the aforesaid crack, and, a moment later, Mr. Middleton found himself encircled in the convulsive arms of Miss O-Yasu Bailey Hakodate. Her maid had also entered the room, quite as a matter of course, and she now stood off at a respectful, admiring distance, examining the bare legs of the foreign mister from several oblique angles.

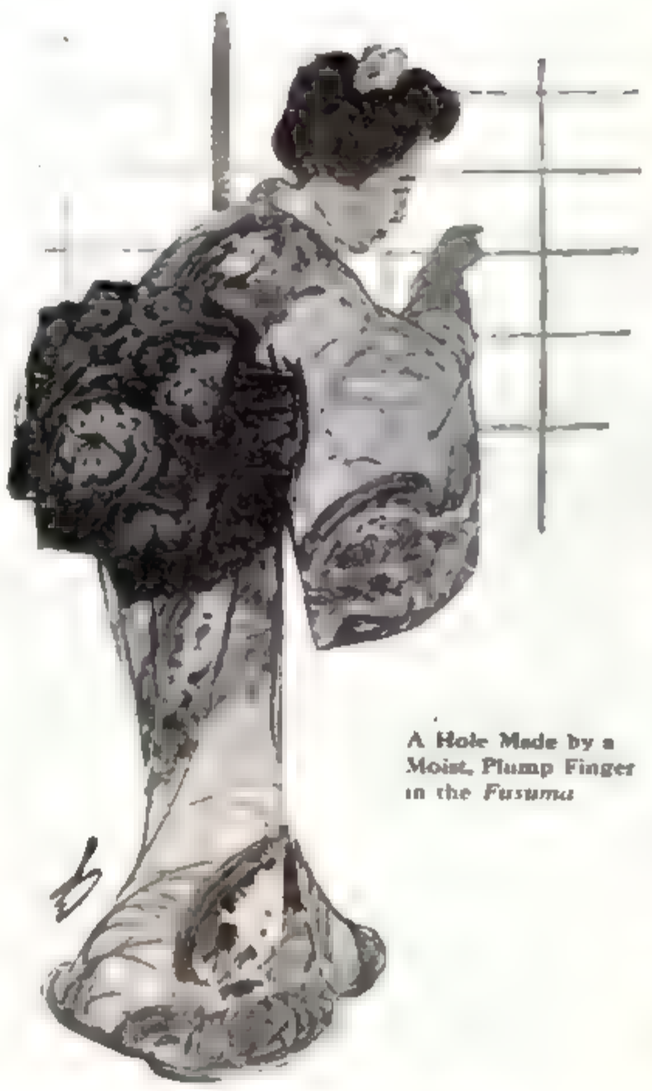
"Oh, my lubber, my lubber!" sobbed little O-Yasu-san, clinging frantically to his waist—she had tried vainly to reach his neck. "Soach a trubble—soach a trubble."

The speechless Englishman with one desperate pull freed himself from the embracing arms, threw one agonized look about the apartment and, with a dash, plunged into his bed—the only modest place of hiding for a decent gentleman. Curious the moral sense of Mr. Middleton, who thought nothing of making love to another man's wife, yet panically hid his naked limbs from the innocent gaze of little O-Yasu-san. However, she followed him swiftly across the room to his place of refuge, and now, upon her knees, she wailed aloud her "trubbles."

It seemed she had a cruel, ugly old aunt, who hated O-Yasu very much. She had sent for O-Yasu's father and had told him many wicked lies about her dear lubber (and she put her face fondly and warmly against the hand which she clutched tightly with her own). She, the ugly, very old aunt—she was very near forty, perhaps more—asserted O-Yasu, had told the Marquis Hakodate that he, Mr. Middleton, was in pursuit of his daughter. Her honorable father—a descendant of a thousand samurai, she asseverated, was greatly enraged, and was now looking all over Tokyo for the despoiler of his house. He had with him the two sharp swords of his ancestors, and he intended certainly to run them through the heart of her dear, dear lubber. Therefore, she, weak and helpless as she was—and here she let fall a sob, which induced the Englishman to put his free hand over the little one clinging to his other one—had come thus early to save his life. *She* knew that his intentions were of the most honorable, for had not he always courted her in the presence of a chaperon—the very aunt herself? But how could they make the Marquis Hakodate believe this also? Why—simply by an immediate marriage. (Here the Englishman let fall her hand and regarded her with his eyes bulging out, and his mouth gaped open.)

It could be easily arranged, urged O-Yasu. Why, there was a clergyman—a "Chistian" she called him—just around the corner, and she had brought a jinrikisha right to his very door for the purpose. She stopped, sat back on her heels and regarded her "lubber" in a most engaging manner.

"Miss O-Yasu," said he, when he had found his voice, "please go outside for a moment. I won't be an instant getting into my things."



A Hole Made by a Moist, Plump Finger in the *Fusuma*

"You going to do it?" she questioned joyfully, astounded at her own success.

"You mean, marry you?"

"Yaes."

"If you will have me," said he, quite simply.

She had arisen now, and stood looking at him a bit uncertainly. Then:

"Sa-ay, I got you sk-skeered mebbe?"

"No."

"Sa-ay," she was retreating now toward the door, "I—I just meking liddle joke ad you. I gotter make nudder kind marriage. Me? I just want disgusting you at my honorable aunt, account her hosband, my honorable uncle. Aexcuse me—I going now."

She had reached the door now.

"O-Yasu!"

She stood still, looking at him somewhat fearfully now.

"You *will* wait for me, won't you?"

"My fadder *not* goin' kill you," said she. "Thas lie. I jus' want mek liddle marriage wiz you for liddle bit while, *till* my honorable aunt go away. Then I, gittin divorce, ride away. Git marry agin wiz my honorable Marquis Momoso."

"Very well," said he cautiously. "Then wait outside; there must be a marriage, however."

"Ye-es," she hesitated, and then cried out:

"No, no—I got a changing of mind now. I not going mek you do that. Good-by!"

"Tomagawa!" shouted the Englishman at the top of his voice, and then, as the weazened face of his "boy" appeared at his door, he added peremptorily:

"Hold this young lady till I can join you."

"Sertainly, Excellency," smiled Tomagawa, and seized little O-Yasu by the sleeve, holding her a prisoner.

By and by, fully dressed, Mr. Middleton opened the sliding doors of his chamber. For a while he stood in silence, his arms folded, looking at O-Yasu. Then quietly:

"You may go, Tomagawa. I will take your place."

Released, O-Yasu remained still, her shamed eyes avoiding the Englishman's, but, when he put his arm about her, she laid her face against his coat and began to cry.

After a time:

"You goin' *mek* me marriage wiz you, mister?"

"Yes, Yasu-san."

"Why?"

"Because—I'm—I'm quite mad about you," said he.

"But my honorable aunty?"

"There was no 'aunty' for me, Yasu, after the second time I saw you."

"Oh," said she. "Then, if thas so—then—then my honorable uncle not going lose her ride away."

"I suppose not. We won't talk about it. Come. Are you willing?"

"Yaes," she nodded.

"Why?"

"Same reason you got," said she. And they went out together.

Mrs. Tom Bailey lay in her shaded room. She still shook and trembled from her late seizure. Ever since her return from the house of the Englishman she had gone from one fit of hysterics into another. One moment her mind was flooded with the imagined scenes of the past few months; she saw herself the central figure in a quiet, perfectly-refined little every-day divorce—later an accidental meeting with her friend, and still later a marriage. And then, jumping in, like an elf, upon these mind

*(Concluded on Page 22)*

"Behold that *Kee-mono!*"

# THE COST OF LIVING

## With the Little Comforts of Life

## By WILL PAYNE

THE city of Chicago, including schools and library, employs twenty thousand people. Patrolmen, at full pay, now get $1200 a year against $1000 in 1897; firemen $1247 against $1134; elevator men $1000 against $780; window clerks $1199 (to avoid a civil service provision which would become operative if they received $1200) against $900 ten years ago; firemen and oilers at pumping stations $1080 against $780. Taking a simple average of the employees mentioned, here is a wage of $1145 and an increase of twenty-four per cent. as compared with 1897.

Personal inquiry among them, however, will show a quite prevalent notion that city employees have not benefited much by prosperous times.

"This prosperity that you read so much about," observed a patrolman, "is a lemon for us. We got our raise of $200 a year under Mayor Dunne only about a year ago. Before that we were up against increased expenses with the same old salary of a thousand a year. I had to move into a smaller flat and cut down living expenses on every corner. Before the raise came along a good many of us got into the hands of the loan sharks. Probably you know about that. If they once get you it's all off with you unless you strike an oil well. I don't think policemen are as well off as they were ten years ago."

This unfavorable opinion was echoed by a fireman. "Seems to me it's harder to make both ends meet now than it was in hard times," he said. "From 1898 to the end of 1906 we got the same old $1134 a year. The ten per cent. increase came in December, 1906. Before then we'd been badly cramped, and the ten per cent. raise don't cover higher cost of living. I was checking it up a while back. I find my grocery bill runs about $15 a month more than it did in 1898, and I pay $5 a month more rent for just about the same sort of flat I had then. I used to buy a uniform for $19. Now I have to pay $24 for the same thing. A uniform overcoat used to cost $20, but I have to pay $26 for it now. Look at the way rubber goods have gone up. A pair of rubber boots cost me $3.50 in '98, and they're $4.25 now. A rubber coat that I used to get for $3.50 costs me a dollar more. Leggings cost 25 cents a pair more. I never go into a saloon and don't often smoke. It beats me to know how the fellows that drink and smoke, if they have families, manage to live and keep out of debt. Maybe they don't—I mean, keep out of debt."

One man's inquiry in so multifarious a field must necessarily be quite patchy; but I should say, as to wage and salary earners, that those who were relatively best off before and who, therefore, entertain the highest notions regarding the standard of living, are precisely the ones most inclined to the opinion that prosperity is a delusion.

### Sixty Per Cent. Rise for Carpenters

I KNOW several industrious citizens who now pay their cooks about as much as their own total incomes amounted to ten years ago; but they, of course, are exceptional—especially at this writing. Many others who "got right" on some of the large bull movements of the last decade and, consequently, might once have afforded striking illustrations of the benefit of prosperity, unfortunately overstayed the market and are now not available as shining examples. At this time, therefore, generally speaking, the best increases in income are enjoyed by skilled and well-organized union workmen. Thanks to their unions they have reaped all the advantages of a bull labor market.

Wages of carpenters, for instance, were $2.80 a day in 1897 and are now $4.50. That is a sixty per cent. increase. Said the walking delegate of a carpenters' union—who, certainly, has exceptional opportunities for knowing how the union members are getting on: "I don't know as you could get actual figures, but anybody who says that Chicago carpenters are not better off and living better than in 1897 don't know what he is talking about. Just by stepping into a union meeting you can see it for yourself. Nowadays they wear white collars and smoke cigars. The union requires them to report, you know, if they work on Saturday afternoons, so we can know that they are not breaking the rule about a half-holiday. Well, any Saturday afternoon you can see a dozen of them taking out permits to work on their own homes. Ten years ago it was a rare thing for a carpenter to own a home. Now, lots of them own homes, or, at least, have bought the home and are paying for it in monthly installments. Why, they even offer me a cigar when they meet me, or want to buy me a drink.

It was decidedly different ten years ago. Then the business agent was expected to furnish the cigars and drinks and even the carfare. Wages have more than kept pace with the increased cost of living—or the men are living better, which comes to the same thing. Besides the increase in wages, the men have steady work now—which they didn't have ten years ago."

Individualists are shocked at the union tyranny which requires a man to take out a permit to do a little Saturday work on his own home. But the carpenters are not shocked at a sixty per cent. advance in wages, due partly to the strong organization.

### The Passion for Education

COMING to the individual carpenter, one fairly typical of his class said: "Yes, I'm getting along first rate. In fact, I never did so well in my life. I've been working steady in the same place for two years now."

"That means a sizable balance in the savings-bank," I suggested.

"Well—no," the carpenter replied somewhat dubiously. "I can't say that I've laid by very much money. It costs a pile to live, nowadays. My rent hasn't gone up to speak of. I've been living in the same place a long time. I've got a good landlord, and, of course, he wants to keep a steady tenant that pays on the nail. It takes more money to run the house, and my family is a good deal more expensive than it used to be. Partly, things cost more, and, partly, the children need more as they grow up. My boy graduated from high school last June. He's started to work now, but he can't earn very much. My girl is in her last year in high school—will graduate next spring. It costs a good deal to keep a girl going—dresses, you know, and schoolbooks, and then her music lessons. I propose to give the youngsters all the advantages I can. I never had much education myself. It sort of keeps me humping to do it; but it's a satisfaction, and I don't mind so much if my bank account does keep kind of spindling."

It is quite probable that, ten years ago, the carpenter's boy would have gone to the factory instead of to high school, and the girl, perhaps, to mill or shop. Her chances for music lessons would have been slim.

Here, indeed, especially among wage-earners, is a very big item in the cost of living of which no exact measure is available. The wife of a workman at $15 a week—eight children in the family—said, with a tragic little half-doubt: "We must keep the children in school whatever happens—if we can." The passion to educate the children is a common condition. Labor bends its back that the youngsters may step up thereon to a wider life, a better chance.

Unfortunately, the statistics of the public schools furnish a less conclusive survey of this subject than one might wish. Perhaps it is partly because of better incomes and partly because of dissatisfaction with public-school instruction. But there seems to be no doubt about an increasing disposition, even among people of moderate income, to send their children to church and private schools. The switchman quoted in a former article was sending four children to a church school. As the public schools are supported by taxation, whatever is spent in other schools is, of course, a sheer increase.

In ten years, total attendance at the public schools has increased 37½ per cent., while the population, certainly, has increased 50 to 60 per cent. The number of pupils in the first grade, the last school year for which a report is available (1906), was less than it was three, four, five, six and seven years before. Kindergartens have been added meanwhile, yet the number of children in Chicago of first-grade age is certainly not less than it was seven years ago, but considerably more. Kindergarten and first grade together have only as many pupils as five years ago. I can make nothing out of it except that an increasing proportion of children are sent to church and private schools which, of course, means increased cost of primary instruction. Expenditures of the public schools for educational purposes have increased about eight hundred thousand dollars the last five years. Going back ten years, public-school attendance in the first and second grades has increased only 12 per cent., or from one quarter to one-fifth of the increase in population.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the children who do enter the public schools remain there decidedly longer than formerly. Thus, in ten years, attendance in the four primary grades has increased only 18 per cent., but attendance in the fifth and sixth grades has increased 47 per cent.; in the seventh and eighth grades, 87 per cent.—that is, ten years ago there were 4¼ times as many children in the first and second grades as in the seventh and eighth; now, only 2½ times as many. Attendance in the four grammar grades, taken together, has increased 59 per cent.—against 8 per cent. in the four primary.

### The High-School Slaughter-Ground

THE first year in the high school is a sad slaughter-ground. Many pupils whose parents wish them to continue in school drop out there because they cannot do the work. The high school is organized to prepare pupils for college. All its requirements are keyed up to meet entrance conditions at the universities. Many pupils who pass through the grammar school cannot meet these tests. So decreased high-school attendance, as compared with grammar-school, is not a true reflection of economic conditions. From the first to the second year the high-school attendance decreases 42 per cent. -that is, of those who enter high school over four out of ten drop out the first year. Still, as compared with ten years ago, attendance in the ninth and tenth grades shows an increase of 63 per cent., and in the eleventh and twelfth grades an increase of 53 per cent. Increased attendance in the four high-school grades taken together is 80 per cent.

There is, in short, no doubt that people are keeping their children in school longer, which, of course, increases

the cost of living. Moreover, the proportion of boys in the upper grades increases. The number of truancies from the public schools has decreased 80 per cent. in ten years. All this, of course, is not a simple product of good times. Probably, the compulsory education law has something to do with it. A higher, more widely diffused idea of the value of schooling has something to do with it. It is, however, for people of the mass, an important factor in the cost of living.

Light and education should go together. Use of gas, the last ten years, has increased in a ratio much above that in which the population has increased, while the use of electric light has multiplied many fold. During the period the Chicago Edison Company has had substantially a monopoly in the older parts of the city. Its output, measured in the equivalent of sixteen-candle-power lamps, has increased from 355,140, March 31, 1897, to 1,924,886 on the like date this year, or over 500 per cent. An important part of this output is used for power, and in the big downtown buildings. The Commonwealth Company—an adjunct of the Edison, with which it is now formally merged—shows an increase—in the equivalent of sixteen-candle-power lamps—from 178,950 in 1900 to 1,313,852 this year. With all proper allowances, this means far more extensive use of electric lights in dwellings.

Bright lights suggest amusements. The increased expenditure under this head is considerable—although less striking in Chicago than in New York. We set out a little after seven of a Saturday evening and applied at ten downtown theatres. Five received us with the sign "Sold Out," and two by a merely verbal statement that there were no seats left. At two we were offered a remnant in a rear row upstairs. Only one could accommodate us on the ground floor—in chairs very handy to an exit, but not otherwise especially desirable.

Chicago has thirty-one regular theatres with a seating capacity of 39,000, giving an average of eight to ten performances a week. Over one-third in number and capacity are creations of the last ten years. The Auditorium, with four thousand seats, only occasionally used for concerts and opera in 1897, is now daily and nightly filled with enthusiastic patrons of vaudeville. Orchestra Hall (not included among theatres) has recently been built, with 2500 seats, and, aside from the two weekly concerts, finds quite frequent use. A good many hundred thousand dollars have been spent to furnish summer multitudes with diversion of the Coney Island sort. In the old houses theatre attendance is larger. Probably, the city's expenditure for amusements has trebled. The giddy transient, of course, provides some of the patronage; yet Chicago is not at all a pleasure-seeking transient's town as New York is. The very small addition to her first-class hotel capacity the last ten years shows that.

Whatever the gross advance in incomes, that a goodly part of it is spent can hardly be doubted. In fact, it was a bricklayer who first confessed to an accumulated surplus in hard cash—or, under the conditions then obtaining, in clearing-house certificates. Asked as to his experience of prosperity he replied boldly: "I have more money in the bank than ever before. I live better, too," he added. "Of course, expenses have gone up; but I get $5 a day now where I got $4 six years ago. It don't cost me as much more to live. Maybe, if I worked just the same number of hours in a year as seven or eight years ago I wouldn't find much difference. But the last two or three years I've been busy all the time. As a matter of fact, a fair share of the time the last two years I've got more than the union scale. If people want to build, nowadays, a little extra charge don't stop 'em."

### The Spirit of Thrift Not Greatly in Evidence

AGAIN, here is a union carpenter who figures up a family income of $43 a week, or about that of a full professor in a university. He has his own wage of $4.50 a day; the earnings of two sons, sixteen and eighteen years old, and the rent of the upper floor of the house he owns, himself occupying the lower floor. And his family still lives on about the expenditure of most families with half the income. Naturally, he is getting ahead.

Savings deposits in Chicago have increased from $23,000,000 in the fall of 1897 to $158,000,000 this fall (November 19). That is over sixfold; but they were practically nothing at the beginning of the period, and at the latest date they amount to only $64 a head of the population—Connecticut and Massachusetts showing about $200 a head, and New York about $170. The last two years the increment in Chicago has amounted to about 5 per cent. annually. So, in spite of the sixfold increase, the showing under this head is not so good as it ought to be.

Very many clerks, I find, have no enthusiasm about good times. As a class, no doubt, their wages have not increased proportionately with the cost of living, and there is a disposition to draw gloomy comparisons between their lot and that of the bricklayer or carpenter. But the clerks' cloud has, in very many cases, a silver lining, as begins to appear at this writing. As a rule, their pay does not fall in times of depression as the workmen's wages do, and they are much surer of steady employment. It was the salaried man who least felt the pinch in 1893–'96, and if he has been getting some of his pinch the last two years it is only by way of striking a fair average.

This problem is further complicated by the fact that many of the larger, more human and intelligent employers of clerical labor keep all the chances of advancement for their own men—that is, a clerk begins at the bottom and progresses as vacancies occur and his ability warrants. In such offices the individual clerk is getting better wages than in 1897; but the salary for the same position has increased but little. This is somewhat rough on the new men who fill the lower positions at salaries which, relatively to the cost of living, are lower than ten years ago—and which, relatively to the cost of living, were painfully low then. But it gives them a strong incentive to work up.

"Ten years ago," said a bank clerk, "I was getting $65 a month. I'm getting $120 now. The man who has the job that I had in 1897 is getting about $70. Yes, probably you can hear him roar if you listen a little; but he is young, unmarried, and has hopes of advancement."

Two of the largest banks in the city have formally adopted a rule forbidding clerks who receive less than a thousand a year to marry without the consent of the officers. Several other banks, without having adopted a hard and fast rule, are inclined to discourage matrimony on less than a thousand a year. That sum is rather more than the average bank clerk's salary; certainly more than the average salary of clerks as a whole. The matrimonial prohibition might, therefore, be viewed as indirect testimony by a number of eminent bank directors as to whether or not clerks, as a class, get a fair living wage under present conditions. But, as a matter of fact, the eminent directors are poor witnesses. They have forgotten how they were married on five hundred a year and flourished like green bay trees.

"What helps out here," said a clerk in the First National, "is the rapid growth of the bank. We have five hundred and fifty men now. Ten years ago there were under four hundred. That has given everybody a good chance at promotion. The same thing has been going on in most of

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A Trunk in the Corner Stood Wide—

# SELLING A PATENT

## Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Shows an Inventor Just How Brains May be Turned into Money

## By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

*VII*

MR. WALLINGFORD "consented" to become the salesman for the first output of the Pneumatic Cash Registers, going directly to a list of cities supplied to him by Maylie; and in those cities he went to see certain gentlemen whose names came to him from the same source! Incidentally, he sold a number of cash registers with a celerity that was most gratifying to the delighted members of the company. Why, even if the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey did not care to buy them out, a fortune was in sight through the legitimate manufacture and sale of this device!

Before the salesman returned from his trip, however, a blow, entirely unexpected by Klug and his friends, fell on them from a clear sky. An injunction and a notice of suit was served, not only upon the company, but upon every purchaser of their contrivance. The injunction restrained the buyers from using and the company from manufacturing or selling any further machines, and the suit was for infringement of patent. The device by which the drawer flew open after the keys had been pressed, the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey claimed to be modeled upon their own. The news was wired to Wallingford. He had been waiting for it, and he came home at once.

Remarkably enough, it seemed that Mr. Maylie had been appointed the local legal representative of the United Company, but this was a matter of Wallingford's own arranging. He found direst consternation in the company's ranks, and himself shook his head sadly when questioned, though he spoke bravely.

"What we have to do," he declared, "is to keep a stiff upper lip and fight it."

They did so. Within a couple of months they had the suit decided in their favor, and Carl Klug was vindicated in the eyes of his friends. Again they were jubilant, again they prepared for an era of commercial triumph; but on the very next day another injunction and suit was brought, and from the very start of this proceeding delays were encountered. The weakest case had been brought first, the stubborn one being held back for a longer and more discouraging fight. When that was over there would be a third suit and a fourth. With their millions of capital and their knowledge of such matters, gleaned from vital struggles with others who had demanded either their money or their business life, they could continue such a fight indefinitely, or until the Pneumatic Cash Register Company should be choked out of existence.

There never was a more discouraged lot of men than those who met in Carl Klug's shop upon the day after notice of this second suit was brought. Mr. Wallingford was the most inconsolable of all. Of course, if the others felt like putting in any more money to fight this company with its millions they could do so; in fact, they ought to do so, but his own business affairs were in such shape that, at the present moment, he could not spare a dollar. He said this in such a hesitant way, with a five-hundred-dollar diamond gleaming from his finger and another from his scarf, that they felt sure he had plenty of capital, but would not risk it further in such a losing fight; and it helped them to realize that all the capital they could command would be but as a wisp of straw to be brushed aside by this formidable giant, which not only could crush them, but had the disposition to do so.

Mr. Wallingford left them in this hopeless spirit, and went "back East to look after his other business." That business took him directly to the offices of the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey, and into an immediate conference with the man who had charge of all its patent affairs.

"I have come to sell you the Pneumatic Cash Register Company," said Wallingford, by way of introduction.

"The Pneumatic Cash Register Company?" repeated Mr. Priestly vaguely, trying to convey the impression that the name was unfamiliar to him, and he looked into his desk file. "Oh, yes; we have a suit pending against them."

"Exactly," agreed his caller. "Suit number two is now pending. We won suit number one. We will win suit number two, three, four, five and six, if need be, but it is such a waste of money on both sides. You might just as well buy us out now as later."

Mr. Priestly shook his head without a smile. He was almost gloomy about it, even. He was a small man with gray mutton-chop whiskers, and nothing could exceed his deep gravity. From another file he produced a copy of the patent taken out by Mr. Klug, and of the one just issued to Mr. Wallingford, assignor to Mr. Klug's company.

"The Pneumatic Cash Register Company," he stated, tossing down the papers as if they were too trifling to

examine after he had found them, "has nothing whatever that we wish to purchase."

"Oh, yes it has," Wallingford insisted. "It has two patents, and the absolute certainty of a business that in three years will take trade enough and profits enough away from you to buy the company several times over."

Again Mr. Priestly shook his head sadly.

"We shall have to wait three years to determine that," he hinted, with no sinister intonation whatever to go with the veiled threat. "We must defend our very existence here every day of our lives. If we did not we would have been put out of the business years ago."

"Exactly," again agreed the other. "In your files you have comprehensive reports on Mr. Carl Klug, Mr. Jens Jensen, Mr. Otto Schmitt and the others of the company. You know their small resources to a penny, and you can figure almost to the day how long they can last. But that, Mr. Priestly, is where you have made your error, for these men will soon be out of the game. I have here another list about which you will not need to collect any information, for you have it even in memory, no doubt."

He laid before Mr. Priestly a neatly-typewritten slip, containing barely over half a dozen names. In spite of his excellent facial command, Mr. Priestly could not repress a start of surprise, and he shot across at Mr. Wallingford one quick little glance, which had in it much more of respect than he had hitherto shown.

"*J. B.* Hammond," read Mr. Priestly, clutching at a straw. "The last name is familiar, but the initials are not."

"No," agreed Wallingford. "By the terms under which he sold out to you, Mr. W. A. Hammond is not to go into the cash register business at all. Allow me to read you a letter," and from a pocketbook he took a folded paper.

"My dear Mr. Wallingford," he read. "Under no circumstances could I participate in the manufacture of cash registers; but my son, Mr. J. B. Hammond, is quite convinced that the Klug patent is both practical and tenable, and he advises me that he is willing to invest up to two hundred thousand dollars, provided a company of at least one million bona-fide capitalization can be formed."

"It is a curious coincidence," added Mr. Wallingford, passing over this letter with a smile, "that two hundred thousand dollars is exactly the price you paid William Hammond for his business, after five years of very bitter litigation. The son, no doubt, would take a keen, personal interest in regaining the losses of the father through a company that has so excellent a chance to compete with yours. You see, a company with a million dollars, composed of men who know all about the cash-register business, would set aside these suits of yours in a jiffy, because they are untenable, and you know it, although I do not expect you to admit it just now.

"Mr. Keyes, whose name is next on the list, had nothing left to sell after losing almost a quarter of a million in fighting you, and so is unbound. It just happens, however, that he has been left quite a comfortable legacy, and would like nothing so much as to sink part of it in our company. Here is the letter from Mr. Keyes," and he spread the second document in the case before Mr. Priestly, who now laid down the first letter and, readjusting his glasses, took up the second one in profound silence.

Mr. Wallingford lit a cigar in calm content and waited until Mr. Priestly had finished reading the letter of Mr. Keyes, when he produced another one.

"Mr. Rankley," he observed, "has never been in the cash register business, but he apparently has his own private and personal reasons for wishing to engage in it," and at the mention of Mr. Rankley's name Mr. Priestly broke the toothpick he was holding and threw it away.

Mr. Rankley, as he quite well knew, was Mr. Alexander's bitterest enemy, and Mr. Alexander was practically the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey. Mr. Wallingford went on down the list in this same manner. It was composed entirely of men of means, who would put into this business not only experience and shrewd business ability, but a particularly energetic hatred of the corporation and its components.

"I see," said Mr. Priestly, laying down the final letter upon the previous ones, and with great delicacy and precision placing a glass paperweight squarely in the middle of them. "Permit me to retain these letters for a short time. I wish to take them before our board of directors."

"When?" asked Mr. Wallingford.

"Well, our regular monthly meeting ——" began Mr. Priestly.

"No, you don't," interrupted the other. "I think a few minutes of conversation with Mr. Alexander himself would do away entirely with the necessity of consulting the board of directors. You think it possible, I know, that by going directly to Mr. Klug and his friends you would be able to purchase the patents cheaper than you can from me, but I am quite sure I can convince them that these gentlemen will raise the price on you."

"Why didn't you form this new company in the first place, then?" demanded Mr. Priestly sharply, implying a doubt. "Why do you come to us at all?"

"Because I personally," patiently explained Mr. Wallingford, "can make more money by quietly selling the patent to you than I personally can make by selling it openly to them, as you will see if you reflect a moment. At present I own a twelfth share in the company. If I induce this other company to take hold of it I must divide the purchase price into twelve equal shares, of which I receive but one. Is Mr. Alexander in the city?"

"I believe so," hesitated Mr. Priestly.

"Is he in his office?"

"Possibly," admitted the other.

"Oh, he's in, then," concluded Wallingford sagely. "Well, I think you can give me my answer in an hour. I'll be down at the Hotel Vandyne. You might telephone me. I want to go back West this evening."

It did not take Mr. Priestly and Mr. Alexander sixty minutes to conclude that they could save a lot of money by doing business with Mr. Wallingford, and they asked him to drive up to their office and see them again. When they got through "dickering," Mr. Wallingford had agreed, in writing, to deliver over to them within sixty days the Pneumatic Cash Register Company patents for the sum of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, the receipt of a ten-thousand-dollar advance payment being acknowledged therewith.

Before he started West, Mr. Wallingford wired Maylie: "Note due in morning. Advise bank on quiet to sue."

*VIII*

A STORM that he had scarcely expected awaited Wallingford when he returned. His wife met him furiously. She had all her belongings packed separately from his own, and would have been gone before his arrival but that she could not express her anger in a mere letter.

"It is the last straw, Jim!" she charged him. "You're growing worse all the time. I saw that you were throwing

"I Have Been Considering Whether, After All, I Had Better Not Stay Sold"

me with this puppy Feldmeyer deliberately, but was foolish enough to think that you were doing it only so that I might be amused while you were busy. As well as I know you, I did not suspect that you could possibly bring yourself to use me as a lever to borrow money from him!"

A twinkle that he could not help came into Wallingford's eyes as he thought of how easily Feldmeyer had been bent to his own ends, and it was most unfortunate for him, for she caught the look and interpreted it instantly.

"You're even proud of it!" she cried. "There's nothing in this world sacred to you. Why, only last night he made open love to me and insisted that I 'disappear' with him on a trip he is taking. He only laughed when I told him how I hated him. He had been drinking, and he and Maylie had been together. They are on to you, Jim. Maylie has found out something about you and has told Feldmeyer, and now the man would believe anything of you. He showed me your notes, and as good as told me that I was in partnership with you in getting money out of him. And you exposed me to this!"

"Where is he?" asked Wallingford unsteadily.

"I sha'n't tell you. He has left the city. He left this morning, and I have been considering whether, after all, I had not better stay sold."

They were in the parlor. Now she opened the door into the next room.

"Where are you going?" he asked, stepping toward her.

For reply she only laughed, the most unpleasant laugh he had ever heard from her, and, stepping through, closed the door. Before he could reach it she had bolted it. He went immediately into the hall, but all the other doors to their suite were also locked.

Maylie stepped out of the elevator as he was pondering what to do.

"Heard you had come in," said the lawyer, in a jaunty tone of easy familiarity. "How are tricks?"

The fellow stood in front of the open parlor door, and the light streamed upon his face. Wallingford, in the dimness, could study his countenance without exposing his own to such full scrutiny. There sat upon Maylie a new self-possession that had something insolent about it. Fannie had been right. Maylie had been getting reports upon him.

"Step in," he cordially invited, and Maylie walked into the parlor. It was noticeable that he kept his hat on until after he had sat down. "Tricks are very fair indeed," continued Wallingford in answer to the offhand question. "We're going to get through with it in good shape."

Maylie laughed.

"You're all right," he said. "From all accounts you're a wonder. No matter what you tackle, the milk-stopper business, carpet tacks, insurance, cash registers, you're always a winner," and after this hint that he knew something of Mr. Wallingford's past he lit a cigarette with arrogant nonchalance, then got up to close the hall door which had been left slightly ajar.

Wallingford's half-closed eyes followed him across the room with a gleam in which there boded no good for Mr. Maylie. Turning, however, Maylie found his host laughing heartily.

"I seldom pick up the hot end of it," replied the latter. "How about the bank?"

"They're offering suit right now, and the Pneumatic will not pay the note. The company hasn't the money, and the tightening up of the local financial situation that has come about in the past month will make it almost impossible to realize on such trifling securities as the members have. Moreover, if they had money they're scared stiff, and not one of them would put up a dollar, except Klug, perhaps. They'll let the company go to a forced sale. I guess that's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"I'm not going to say about that," replied Wallingford. "The less we talk, even with the doors locked, the better."

"That's so," agreed Maylie; "only there's one point of it we *must* talk about. How did you come out in the East?"

"I have just told you not to try to know too much."

"I don't want to know too much. I only want to know where I come in."

"Your experience with me ought to tell you that you will have no occasion to quarrel with your fee."

"I thought so," retorted Maylie, leaning forward with a laugh that was more like a sneer, "but I want more than a fee, and I'm going to have more than a fee!"

For just one instant Mr. Wallingford almost lost his suavity, but whatever game he played he held all its tangled ends continuously in view.

"So we're all thieves together, eh?" he said, smiling, and the gleam of gratification upon Maylie's face assured him that he was upon the right track. "Of course, I know that you have a string on me in this matter and can hold me up," he admitted, as if reluctantly, "so suppose we say ten thousand for you, if the deal goes through the way I want it."

"Now you're shouting!" exclaimed Maylie, and rising impulsively he shook hands with great enthusiasm. "You may count on me."

"I do," said Wallingford, also rising and, still keeping his grip of the lawyer's hand, he turned his back squarely to the window, so that Maylie would be compelled to face it. "I consider you as mine from this minute."

As he said the words there came that little flicker in Maylie's close-set eyes for which he had been looking. It told of negation—that Maylie still held his own plans in reserve. So adroit himself in plot and counterplot, it was no trick for Wallingford to fathom this amateur, and he let the lawyer go away hugging the delusion that he had this experienced schemer under his thumb; then Wallingford once more turned his attention to the locked door.

The silence within those other rooms had become oppressive, and a panic began to come over him. He knocked,

but there was no response. He went out into the hall once more, and trying each of the knobs shook them. The far door, to his surprise, opened under his hand. Not one valued possession of Mrs. Wallingford's was in evidence. Empty dresser drawers were open, and two suit-cases were gone. A trunk in the corner stood wide, and its bulky articles of lesser worth were strewn upon the floor. He immediately telephoned from that room. Yes, Mrs. Wallingford had gone. No, they did not know to which depot. She had merely called a cab and had hurried away. He ordered up time-tables and studied them feverishly. Almost at this very moment trains were leaving from two different depots, and these were more than three miles apart. There was no chance of finding quickly to which one she had gone. A horrible fear oppressed him. That she had joined Feldmeyer was almost inconceivable, but that she might have taken even this revenge for the slight that had made her furious was a thought in harmony with the principles by which, through his own moral warp, he judged humanity, and he was frantic. At Feldmeyer's office he found the door also locked and it was for rent!

The next train for the East found Wallingford upon it. He spent days in attempting to get on the track of them, and he finally found out about Feldmeyer. He had gone to Europe. On the sailing list almost any name might conceal his wife, and to Europe went Wallingford, misled by his own worse self. It was characteristic of him that, having found Feldmeyer and being convinced that Mrs. Wallingford had never joined that gentleman, he should remind the doctor that he had been chased up with his own money, and then he hurried home, more worried than ever, but his precious ten thousand dollars still intact and with some to spare. He needed that ten thousand for a specific purpose. Finally it occurred to him to enlist the services of "Blackie" Daw, and hunted that enterprising salesman of insecure securities. Blackie laughed at him and handed him a letter. Partly to punish her husband and partly to satisfy certain vague, mistaken longings she had cherished for a "quiet life," Mrs. Wallingford had immured herself in a little village, living most comfortably upon her diamonds; but now she was tired of it—and anxious for "Jim!"

"It's no use," she confessed when he had hurried to her. "Your way is wrong, but you've spoiled me with luxury."

### IX

FOR all these weeks Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford had well-nigh forgotten "business," but now, content for the time to leave his wife behind him, he hurried back to it, his hurry made all the more imperative from the fact that he could get no wire from Maylie about the forced sale; and this was the strategic point for which he had been planning since the day he met Carl Klug. Three telegrams drew no response, and there was no one else to whom he dared wire in the present condition of affairs. He arrived on the day before the sale, and drove directly from the train to Carl Klug's, where he found a mournful assembly.

"That's him!" exclaimed Jens Jensen, as he came into the shop. "I always said he was a skinner."

Klug looked at him with dull eyes. Otto Schmitt arose to his threatening, rawboned height. Henry Vogel put his hand on Otto's arm.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You don't know anything for sure about things."

"What's the matter?" Wallingford asked, stopped in the midst of his intended cordial greeting by the hostile air of the gathering.

"You done it a purpose," charged Jens, shaking his skinny fist. "You got from us that note, and now it shuts us up in business. You say you back the company for all you're worth. Maybe you ain't worth anything. If you ain't you're a liar. If you are worth something you don't back us up. Then you're a liar again, so that makes you a skinner!"

"Gentlemen," said Wallingford sternly, "I am surprised. The question of whether I have or have not money is not worth arguing just now. The point is this: if any one of you had money would you be willing to invest it against the millions of the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey? Would you, Mr. Jensen?"

"I don't know," said Jens sullenly. "I think you're a skinner."

Wallingford shrugged his shoulders.

"Would you, Mr. Schmitt?"

"No," said Otto, and unclenched his huge fists.

"Would you, Vogel?"

Vogel was positive about it, too. It would be throwing good money after bad.

"I ask Mr. Klug. Would you, Carl?"

"Yes," said Carl, his mustache bristling, his face puffing red. "Every cent. It is a good patent. It is a good machine. There's money in it."

"Maybe," admitted Mr. Wallingford; "but let me tell you something I found out during my trip East. For five years the Hammond Automatic Cashier Company fought the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey tooth and

"J. B Hammond." Read Mr. Priestly

toenail, and finally sold out to them for two hundred thousand dollars, a net loss of over a quarter of a million, besides all their time. During the same period, the Keyes Cash Register Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, was fought out of existence and quit without a cent. The Burch Company, the Electric Cash System Company and the Wakeford and Littleman Store Supply Company, all rich, all met the same fate. That note you gave me was a mere incident. You had the ten thousand dollars, have used it in the business, and it is gone. If you had a hundred thousand dollars more on top of it, that would drop into the same hole, for I am told that the United Company lays aside twenty-five dollars from every sale for patent litigation. But since Jensen seems to think I am not a man of my word I will do this: There are seven of us in the company. I will put in ten thousand dollars if you will raise thirty. We will pay this note and hire lawyers as long as we last, and as a proof that I mean what I say here is ten thousand dollars that I will put into the hands of your treasurer the minute the rest of you are ready to make up your share."

From his pocket he drew ten bills of one thousand dollars each. It was the first time they had any of them seen money of such large denomination, and it had a visible effect.

"I can raise five thousand dollars on my house and shop," said Carl Klug hopefully, but one glance at the glum faces of his friends was enough to discourage that idea.

Wallingford was rehabilitated, but not their faith in Carl Klug's cash register. The sale of the company must bring something, possibly enough to settle the note. If they could get out of it without losing any more they would consider themselves lucky.

"When is this sale?" asked Wallingford.

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Here."

"Very well," said Wallingford. "If before that time any of you want to take up the offer I have just made, you are welcome to do so," and he put the money back in his pocket.

He had found out what he wanted to know, and drove away well satisfied with the results of his visit. His proposition to put further cash into the concern "if they would raise thirty thousand dollars" had wrought the effect he had calculated upon. It had scared them out completely.

At his hotel he found three telephone memoranda waiting for him. They were all from the same source, in room number 425 of the only other good hotel in the city. He did not answer this call until he got to his own rooms, and then he spoke with much briefness.

"No, do not come over," he peremptorily insisted. "I have no time to-day nor to-night, nor until after the sale. It is at ten o'clock, at 2245 Poplar Street. Stay right where you are. I'll send you over the stuff within an hour," and he rang off.

As soon as he could get connection he called up Maylie, but if the latter contemplated any trickery he did not show it by any hesitation of speech when he recognized Wallingford's voice. As a matter of fact, he already knew Wallingford to be in town. He was cordiality itself. Why, certainly, he would be right over! His cordiality, however, could not be exceeded by that of Mr. Wallingford when they met.

"You simply must stay for dinner with me, old man," said Wallingford. "I have a lot of things to talk over with you."

"I really have an engagement," Maylie hesitated. He had not, but he would much rather have been alone, this night of all nights.

"Nonsense," insisted Wallingford. "This is more important. It means money, and big money, to both of us, and we'll just have dinner up here. We want to be alone to-night. There might always be somebody at the next table, you know."

Within ten minutes Maylie was glad he had stayed, and the dinner he heard Wallingford order had reconciled him. He had been doing yeoman work for himself, and he felt entitled to a certain amount of indulgence. Within another ten minutes a bottle of champagne was opened, and Wallingford, taking one glass of it, excused himself to remove the stains of travel. When he came back, refreshed and clean, the quart of wine was nearly emptied, and Maylie, leaning back in a big leather chair, was puffing smoke rings at the ceiling in huge content.

There came a knock at the door of the dining-room. The waiters had arrived, one of them with the service and the other with the second quart of champagne. Wine was the *pièce de résistance* of their dinner. There were other things, course after course, one of those slow, leisurely, carefully-blended dinners for which Wallingford was famous among his friends, a dinner that extended to nearly three hours, perfect in its ordering and appointments; but champagne was, after all, its main ingredient. It was on the table before the first course was served, and half-emptied bottles and glasses of it were there when they came to the coffee and the cordials and the fat black cigars. In all, they had consumed an enormous quantity, but Wallingford was as steady as when he began, while Maylie was flushed and so buoyant that everything was a hilarious joke.

Wallingford, on their first encounter, had detected this appetite in the young man, and had saved it for just such a possibility as this. It was half-past nine before they arose from the table, and by that time Maylie was ripe for any suggestion. Wallingford's proposal that they pile into a carriage and take a ride met with instant and enthusiastic acquiescence. There were clubs to which Wallingford had already secured the *entrée* by his personality and his free handling of money, and now he put them to full and extravagant use.

### X

DAWN was breaking when the roisterers finally rolled back to Wallingford's apartments. Wallingford was holding himself right by a grim effort, but Maylie had passed to a pitiable condition of imbecility. His hair was

(Continued on Page 30)

That He Had Been Chased Up with His Own Money

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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## The Price of Gas

NEW YORK cannot have gas at eighty cents a thousand feet. In Chicago gas is eighty-five cents, and the gas company flourishes. In Boston gas is ninety cents, to be further reduced under a sliding scale. The denser the population and the greater the output in a given area the more cheaply gas should be furnished. But the United States Circuit Court says that eighty cents in Manhattan is confiscatory and unconstitutional.

Because New York has grown enormously, to buy land situated as is the gas trust's realty—acquired long ago—and to tear up the streets and duplicate its pipe plant would cost a sum many fold the company's actual investment. The court holds that the company may appraise land and pipes at the cost of duplication and charge a rate which will yield a fair return upon that sum.

Twenty-odd years ago the trust issued eight millions of stock, which was based upon no tangible assets. Because it then charged a price for gas far more than sufficient to yield a fair return upon the investment it was able to pay handsome dividends upon this bonus stock, and has continued to pay them.

The court rules, therefore, that the company possesses a franchise value to the amount which will bear the same ratio to its assets now that eight millions bore to its assets in 1884. If the company had charged twice as much for gas in 1884, and issued twice as much bonus stock, its sacred property right in the franchise which it had obtained would be twice as valuable.

The people of New York must pay such price for gas as will yield a fair return upon realty and pipe-plant values which they themselves created by growing, and upon a franchise value which was created by an overcharge for gas in the past. All of which, no doubt, is good law—but bad for users of gas in Manhattan.

## The Noble Bridegroom

WHATEVER advanced and eccentric sociologists may say in favor of such an arrangement for the vulgar, there is evidently no need of limited or probationary marriages where the bride is an American heiress and the groom a noble foreigner. There is evidently, in fact, no need of any marriage of any sort or description whatsoever. The bride wishes a lordly designation and the niche in society to which it is the official tag. The groom wishes money. Both get their wish; but are so far bound by foolish traditions that they spend several miserable months trying to live together, and are put to much cost and annoyance by the divorce, which leaves each of them the essential consideration that prompted them to matrimony, but frees them from the galling conjugal relationship. In the latest international marriage which has come into the divorce court at this writing, a well-meaning young woman might have been spared many harrowing days and a young man might have kept his follies to himself if title and certified check had been sensibly exchanged at the altar, and the pair had then parted with mutual good wishes.

## Oklahoma's Experiments

THE newest State, unless we are sadly mistaken, is not going to live in ignoble fear of Precedent. This monetary trouble has been engaging her attention, and an interesting bank law results. Under this law all State banks must keep in the hands of a State board a sum equal to one per cent. of their average deposits, as a "depositors' guaranty fund." If a State bank fails, the board shall draw upon this fund to whatever amount may be necessary in order to pay depositors in full, and replenish the fund by an assessment, levied ratably according to deposits, on all the banks.

This device, we judge, should provide a complete guaranty to every depositor in every State bank; hence should leave no excuse for runs and hoarding—those black plagues of banking. Any National bank in the State may pay in its one per cent. assessment and secure the guaranty to its depositors on equal terms with State banks.

In New York and Chicago the big banks meet an acute disturbance by standing together as a unit in their clearing-house associations. The Oklahoma law contemplates a like solidarity for all the banks in the State. Whether the reserve provisions of the act will not militate against State banks, as compared with National, remains to be seen. But the guaranty feature is the best answer yet on any statute-book to the problem raised by the October trouble.

## When We Wear Diamonds

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED, which is the other name of the diamond trust, has passed the dividend on its common shares for the first time in its splendrous history except when Kimberly was besieged by the Boers. London—with a contemptuous implication which is as unkind as it is unjust—attributes this to a falling off in the Yankee demand.

In the year just closed, leading stocks listed on the New York Exchange shrank in market value to the amount of three and a quarter billion dollars. Coincidentally with this movement there appeared a powerful chastening of the taste for personal adornment. Persons who thought very highly of diamonds when U P was 183 discovered unexpected and irresistible charms in tortoise-shell and German silver when it got into the eighties. But long before that it was noted that diamonds were falling into disfavor, and that one might sit in the dining-rooms of the very swellest hotels from breakfast-time until after luncheon without seeing more than half a dozen gentlemen and a dozen ladies whose persons glittered powerfully with the most convenient and conspicuous of all insignia of wealth. Many more than this number had the price; but were restrained by a growing notion that diamonds were bad form.

We regret the notion. But such is fashion's law. By the time the man of the people learns to wear a two-carat solitaire shirt-stud without blinking, and the plain woman gets acclimated to her sunburst, they discover that the *beau monde* looks down upon diamonds.

## Strong Box and Dinner Pail

SOME time ago we mentioned that the Fall River cotton mills had enjoyed a prosperous year. Shareholders in thirty-three companies received cash and stock dividends averaging twenty per cent., besides which a number of mills made substantial additions to surplus.

In December the mills cut down production by one-fourth. There is a sliding scale of wages, the present base being 23.96 cents per cut; but this went into effect only in September last. Through 1906 the base was 18 cents per cut; in 1904 and 1905, 17.32 cents per cut. In 1906, weavers, working ten hours a day, averaged seventeen cents an hour for males, fifteen cents for females; spinners, twelve cents an hour. Wages prevailing before September, 1907, were, we should judge, not very favorable to the declaration of extra dividends and the accumulation of surpluses by operatives; and a reduction by one-fourth of the output of the mills is certainly not favorable to that process.

Whatever benefit a high tariff produced for the stockholders they retain, tucked away in their strong boxes. The operatives may still have a full dinner pail, only they must use smaller pails.

## Benevolent Distribution

AN IRISH Member of Parliament has been sent to jail for six months. As compared with the times—historically speaking, not very remote—when nothing less than hanging was done to an Irishman in any circumstances, this suggests an almost genial relationship between the Irish people and the English Government.

Mr. Grinnell's offense was encouraging cattle-driving—a disorderly mode of compelling landlords to dispose of some of their acres to children of the soil through the government's land commission. This governmental interference for the purpose of restoring to the people some of their native land has also a benevolent air. Yet it is a reasonable inference from the cattle-driving movement that the actual restoration does not proceed very rapidly.

It was long supposed in England that the Irish were constitutionally incapable of holding property. They had, in fact, been incapable of holding it, for whenever they had had any worth mentioning the English had taken it away from them. There is a more generous spirit nowadays. Conditions inflicted upon the subject country by the physically stronger one are not openly pointed to as demonstrating Ireland's natural inferiority. Only, in this kindlier modern way, the same old determination not to let Ireland govern herself persists unimpaired, and the ancient prejudice against permitting the Irish to hold land remains stubbornly in evidence.

## The New York Rent Strike

PERHAPS the upshot of the unique rent strike in New York will be a bill in Congress providing that the Federal Government shall compel landlords to furnish a decent habitation at a reasonable rent to every one who engages in any manner in the production of an article which enters into interstate commerce, or who consumes, or contemplates consuming, any article that has been shipped from one State to another.

Nearly all civilized governments, whether municipal, state or national, acknowledge that it is their duty to prevent the sale of foods which contain impurities that are perilous to health; and the principle that governments should forbid monopolistic extortion in prices of staple articles is hoary with age. But no government anywhere, so far as we know, has ever actually insisted upon healthful tenements, although some cities have theoretically admitted that the one was as much within their duty as the other. New York and Chicago have tenement laws—and some miles of tenements in which no one ought to live. Many tenants acknowledge this truth by dying in them.

Probably the tenement question will have to be brought under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution before the Federal Government will do anything more than just pick gingerly at the surface.

## A Poor Guesser

NATURALLY, it would be mentioned that reduction of fares by North Carolina and Georgia was a prime factor in bringing the Seaboard Air Line Railway to bankruptcy.

About three years ago Thomas F. Ryan relieved John S. Williams of control of this property under circumstances which Mr. Williams has exceedingly deplored. In June, 1905, Mr. Ryan reorganized the road, issuing many securities incidentally thereto. Semi-annual dividends on the new preferred stock at the rate of five per cent. a year were paid regularly to and including August last. In July North Carolina ordered that railroad fares be reduced to two and a quarter cents a mile. September 2, an act of the Georgia Legislature reducing fares to two and a half cents a mile went into effect. Passenger earnings of the Seaboard Air Line amount to about a fifth of its total earnings, and scarcely a fifth of its mileage is in the States of North Carolina and Georgia. The latest report that has been issued gives Seaboard Air Line gross earnings for October, and shows that they were $133,705 greater than in the corresponding month last year; while gross earnings for the four months to November 1 increased by $541,440.

We fear that the insolvency of the road is attributable, not to any hostile acts by North Carolina and Georgia, but to a regrettable miscalculation on the part of Mr. Ryan when he decided what amount and character of securities should be issued and floated in the reorganization of two and a half years ago. However, no lasting harm will result. There will now be another reorganization, in which, guided by this unfortunate experience, he will, presumably, guess nearer the mark. If two reorganizations within three years are not sufficient, let there be one annually.

## Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

℄ Kill time and time will end by killing you.

℄ Somehow the woman with good teeth always has a quick sense of humor.

℄ Delilah was the only barber who didn't talk at her work, and yet Samson wasn't satisfied with her.

℄ The girl who begins by declaring that she wouldn't marry any man living generally ends by marrying a "dead one."

℄ One of the really great mysteries of life is why the dress that looked stylish last season doesn't look stylish this season.

℄ It is indeed a mysterious order of things which decreed that gray hair should be revered and baldness only ridiculed.

℄ Nowadays nobody hears anything of the Merchant Prince; he seems to have been benevolently absorbed by the Napoleon of Finance.

℄ When people ask, "What has become of So-and-So?" you may be sure that So-and-So was either a Vice-President or a Napoleon of Wall Street.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Man with Sand

EARLY in his heated career Samuel Walker McCall, of Massachusetts, seized upon the Truth-forever-on-the-scaffold and Wrong-forever-on-the-throne thing and marked it for his own. Those are his sentiments, and he isn't so infernally sentimental about it, at that. Harking back across the pages of history one can find places where, if Samuel Walker McCall had been on the job, he would have had a king's head or a king would have had his, both or either. Inasmuch as we have little to do with kings in these days, being principally occupied with the strivings of deuces, and the history we get all torn up about is represented by such a momentous question as whether a navy doctor is fit to go to sea, Mr. McCall is compelled to devote his attention to less sanguinary affairs than would have been the case in the olden days.

It girds him, undoubtedly, just as it would gird any man born to wield a pole-axe and put the finishing totter on a tottering throne, to be compelled to mix in the puny and enervating squabbles of this generation; but he makes the best of the situation, and mixes. He mixes. You may be sure of that. If there is any occasion that needs a little plain speaking and some square-toed thinking, it is almost certain that McCall will be on hand with both the speech and the thought. Plain speaking is the best thing he does, speaking plain to the point of angularity. When he arises and emits such language as he thinks the exigencies of the case demand those who do not understand what has been said are of the class into whose heads wedge-shaped words have to be driven with a club before they can understand anything, and then they do not.

Representative S. W. McCall, of Massachusetts

Mr. McCall is in Congress. He has been there for some fourteen years, and he will be there two years more if he serves out his present term. After that he will be there as many more years as he likes, for he is the sole representative in public life of the Massachusetts-thar-she-stands idea, Massachusetts having taken a seat in an easy-chair so far as the remainder of her delegation is concerned, apparently. One first-class fighting man can do a great deal toward keeping traditions alive, and McCall lights the fires of independence every morning and keeps them going all day long.

Thought is one of the noblest attributes of man. Still, thought, however uplifting, is of no particular consequence if it is kept canned. Many of our highest and clearest thinkers have suffered from lack of recognition because they incautiously failed to produce their thoughts after they had thought them. Many a man whose brain has teemed with great ideas has gone, unhonored and unsung, back to his constituents because he did not let the country in on what was teeming and steaming behind that corrugated brow. It is one thing to have thoughts—a commendable thing, for there are so many who go through life without a ripple of cerebrum or cerebellum—but it is another thing to let those thoughts loose, especially when they conflict with the line of reflection laid down by the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives and demanded by the policy of the party. To unleash thoughts that have not been O. K.'d by the bosses, if a man is in public life and a member of a party, requires another quality, and that is sand.

#### Handing Out the Cold Facts

WELL, Samuel Walker McCall has sand. If he sees something going on that requires an exposition, no matter what the policy of the party may be, he gets up and exposits. If he has an idea that runs contrary to the procedure made and provided, he lets it go, notwithstanding. He hands out cold what he thinks. He takes a club and bats over the head what he deems needs batting, and it isn't of the slightest consequence to him what kind of a wreath twines around the head to which he is paying attention. You can take from him the remarks he is making are made on the personal authority and with the personal backing of S. W. McCall, of Winchester, Massachusetts, that they are his opinions, cogently expressed, and, if there are any in high places who desire to make a note of what he says, or to take offense thereat, let them go ahead.

He is a constitutional and congenital insurgent. He refuses to be tied down to what may be considered the proper program by the leaders. If he doesn't agree he leaves the reservation. If there are other insurgents he joins them. If there are no others he insurges alone. It's all one with him. He has his own ideas, the S. W. McCall brand. He knows his mind, and, knowing, dare maintain. There is nothing spectacular about him, no playing to the galleries or attempts to get the spat, spat of applauding hands. He gets up, makes a plain statement of what he thinks, and sits down again. It may be embarrassing to the leaders, or it may not. That does not figure in the McCall equation. He does not go hippety-hopping around, here and there, lighting on any project that may be popular for a moment. He gets his convictions, gets them good and strong, reasons them out to his own satisfaction and produces them.

He has his ideas about the tariff, and those ideas run crossways, catercornered and slantwise to the tariff ideas of the majority of the Ways and Means Committee, of which he is a member, and which is the birthplace of tariffs, although most tariffs are not recognized by that committee when they are ready to be sent out to the world. Whenever he decides it is proper, he tells what he thinks should be done in the way of tariff legislation. He tells why, in a speech devoid of oratorical flourishes, but full of logic as a subway car is full of people at rush hour. He hands out facts as he sees them, calmly and quietly.

Thus, too, if he has anything to say about the policies, promises or performances of any of our heroes. If he believes one of said heroes is not heroing according to the McCall standard, if he decides there is room for improvement, if he concludes mistakes have been made, or blunders, he does not sit around a cloakroom and whisper: "Well, what do you think of that? Did you see what he did yesterday? Of all the ——" Not McCall, of Winchester, Massachusetts. He walks out in the open and makes a plain talk. If he has any criticism to make he makes it. If there are things he doesn't like he says so. Result: The respect of everybody, whether everybody agrees with him or not.

It must not be thought McCall is a scold, for he isn't. There are plenty of scolds in the House of Representatives, and they are held in exactly the opinion they deserve. What he is, is a man with the courage to say what he thinks, whether his thought is popular or is not, and the number of men of that kind in the House can be counted with but little mental effort and without the aid of an adding machine. Furthermore, he has the habit of thinking the way a good many persons think who have not his courage or opportunity to speak. That helps some.

He has had views about President Roosevelt in his time, and he has expressed them. The expression of views about the President isn't a good way to gain Presidential friendship, although, down at the bottom, it does not deprive one of Presidential esteem, if the views are honest. The gossips knew this, knew of these views, and watched to see what would happen to McCall when the committees were made up for the Sixtieth Congress by Speaker Cannon. They found McCall went back on the Ways and Means Committee, and that he was advanced to the cozy chairmanship of the Library Committee, on which committee he had previously served as a member.

That proves as many things as may be; two of which are that McCall has the respect of his fellow-members and of the Speaker, and that the Congress is a coördinate and not a subordinate branch of the Government. McCall has run counter to many of the policies of the majority, to which he belongs, and counter to the Chief Executive; but he is a first-class fighting man, and Speaker Cannon is somewhat of a fighting man himself, and likes the breed.

It was General Grosvenor who told this story about McCall, after McCall had ramped up and down through a rule-committee policy the General was advocating, one of those pleasant little attributes of present-day legislation, where the majority is expected to do what it is told and ask no questions. McCall vexed the Grosvenor spirit by rebelling. He was a free moral agent, he said, and why and again why and, once more, why?

"McCall is always against everything," said Grosvenor. "Why, I went out into the cloakroom the other day and found McCall stamping up and down and muttering to himself.

"'What's the matter, Sam?' I asked him.

"'Matter enough,' he replied; 'I'm getting too darned popular in this House. Why, seventeen people voted for one of my resolutions just now.'"

### An A. B. Yachtsman

WHENEVER Detroit sailor men get together they always talk of the cruise of the Detroit Naval Reserve on the Yosemite during the Spanish War.

The departure of the battleship fleet for the Pacific, with "Bill" Emery in one of the important commands, started some of the sad sea-dogs who made up that crew on the Yosemite, a few nights ago, and the true story of Jimmie Newberry was related, often told before, but never with all its picturesque details.

The Detroit Naval Reserve was made up of young men of the best and richest families in Detroit. Most of the reserves owned boats of their own. They enlisted, were placed aboard the Yosemite, and the naval officers who were over them rubbed it into them good.

Jimmie Newberry is a brother of the present Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Truman H. Newberry. The family is one of the richest in Michigan. Jimmie was an able seaman. One morning he was polishing brass around the main companionway.

Emery, who was in command, came up the companionway, followed by Executive Officer Sargent and Baker, the ship's writer. A fine, big, white yacht was in the offing.

"What ship's that?" asked Captain Emery.

"The Truant," was the reply.

"Truant? Truant?" said Emery. "Sargent, who owns the Truant?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Sargent.

"Baker," said Emery, "who owns the Truant?"

"I don't know, sir," Baker replied.

Jimmie Newberry was industriously polishing his brass. "Do you know?" commanded Emery.

"Yes, sir," Newberry replied.

"Who owns it, then?"

"My mother, sir," replied Newberry, still busy with his brass.

### The Hall of Fame

¶ Robert W. Chambers, the author, is a bridge-whist enthusiast.

¶ Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist and playwright, was editor of Puck for several years.

¶ William A. Brady, one of the big theatrical producers and managers of New York, began life as a newsboy in San Francisco.

¶ Senator Philander C. Knox, Pennsylvania's Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination, drives the best team in Washington.

¶ Senator Du Pont, of Delaware, has the niftiest name in the Upper House of Congress. Henry Algernon Du Pont is what his parents called him.

¶ Jack Beall, Representative from the Fifth Texas District in Congress, was christened Jack, and that is his name. There is no formal John foolishness about it.

¶ Representative Moore, of Philadelphia, went to Panama and Cuba with Speaker Cannon and his party last spring, and, when he came back, wrote a book about it called, With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics. The Speaker got a finely-bound copy and Moore got good committee assignments.

# The Battle of the Bottle

## From the Old Dominion to the Lone Star State

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THE State of Virginia is like a camel—painted pink on the map—with its head crouching against the Kentucky mountains, and its tail toward the sea. A camel can go eight days without a drink—so the legend hanging above the bar informs us. Some camels go even longer, and Virginia seems bent on trying.

Doggeries in the rural districts were closed by special acts of the legislature, under the same policy pursued in other Southern States and for the same general reasons. More than five hundred of these menaces to public safety were flushed from the bushes, and then the Prohibitionists went gunning for single birds in town.

There are one hundred counties in Virginia, seventy-two of which have no saloons.

Forty-six counties have no form of license whatever.

Twenty-six counties have no saloons, but have dispensaries, distilleries, or some modified form of license.

Twenty-eight counties have saloons in the cities.

Out of one hundred and forty incorporated towns one hundred and twenty are dry; out of nineteen cities six are dry. There are but thirty-three municipalities in the State where the open saloon exists. Of the ten hundred and sixty saloons two-thirds are in four counties around Richmond and Norfolk.

In the forty-six no-license counties the criminal expenses for 1906 averaged eighty-two mills for each inhabitant; the twenty-six modified license counties averaged ninety-one mills. The saloon counties averaged one hundred and thirty-nine mills, a ratio which increased as the facilities forgetting liquor increased. Criminal expenses of the dry cities averaged two hundred and eleven mills, wet cities four hundred and ten. Criminal expenses for the five strongest temperance counties averaged forty-five mills; for the five strongest whisky counties two hundred and ninety-six mills. The criminal expenses in Norfolk County alone were greater than in thirty-six dry counties combined.

PRISONERS IN PENITENTIARY

46 dry counties, 1 prisoner to every 5122 people.
26 modified license counties, 1 prisoner to every 4692 people.
28 wet counties, 1 prisoner to every 2913 people.

The ratio of convicts rises as the saloons increase. Liquor men say this is a mere coincidence—of the same kind possibly as a rise in the thermometer when the sun gets hot.

In several dry counties of the "Northern Neck," where negroes predominate, there are no negroes in the jails and no friction between the races. This, too, may be a coincidence—a happy one.

The Anti-Saloon League has been particularly active within the past year drying up the cities of Clifton Forge, Bristow, Radford and Charlottesville, the towns of Covington and Woodstock. Fourteen distilleries were closed in Henry County, twenty in Pittsylvania, and a number in other counties.

To many old students of the University of Virginia there is an element of vandalism in shutting up the historic shops at the foot of Vinegar Hill. The days gone by—or nights—have witnessed many gaudy proceedings therein, which added a touch of high life to the dull routine—and sent various students home for their spectacular performances. This musty reminiscence may be mentioned in passing.

The temperance forces are thoroughly united and are now holding their hatchets to the grindstone for 1908. First they propose to amend the defective election laws, and, having purged the electorate, to order new elections and hang up new scalps in the great teepee.

West Virginia came into the world as a child of war and tumult. The babe's first cry from the cradle was a feeble wail against the cradle's insatiate enemy. As the babe grew stronger its anti-liquor legislation became more stringent. There are fifty-five counties in the State; twenty-nine of these are dry. Nine counties have saloons in one town each; five in two; two in three; two in four, and eight in five towns or more.

Presently the Lawyers Got Busy

PRISON FIGURES

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kanawha | County, | 1 | saloon | to | 804 | people; | 1 convict to | 575 people. |
| Fayette | " | " | " | | 444 | " | " " | 246 " |
| McDowell | " | " | " | | 468 | " | " " | 175 " |
| Mingo | " | " | " | | 494 | " | " " | 286 " |
| Mercer | " | " | " | | 1335 | " | " " | 533 " |

These five wettest counties have four hundred and fifteen convicts; the other fifty counties have four hundred and thirteen. One-eleventh of the counties furnish one-half the convicts.

Two years ago the prison report showed that thirty-two dry counties had one hundred and six men in the penitentiary, while Fayette County alone, with eighty saloons, had one hundred and fifty-nine; fifty-three more convicts from one wet county than from thirty-two dry ones. The dry counties had one convict to every four thousand and twenty-two of population, while Fayette had a man in stripes for every two hundred and two, and McDowell, one for every one hundred and ninety—twenty times as many per capita. These may be coincidences—unhappy. Coincidences of this sort cost money which business men must pay—money for judges, jurors, witnesses, sheriffs and convict guards. The law is being rigidly enforced in the dry counties, as demonstrated by the fact that Uncle Samuel—the blind tiger's partner—does not sell a single revenue license in many of the dry counties.

The blind-tiger man is generally a negro who submits to a cautious interview on the refreshment proposition, and whispers that he "kin fin' a drap or two."

For this he gets seventy-five cents, and later gets six months on the county farm. For the second offense he goes to the penitentiary—which is peculiar to the State of West Virginia.

Sometimes the tiger man is slicker, and keeps strictly within the law. This story witnesseth:

Sandy Bottom was having a barbecue, and Sandy Bottom was awful dry. A well-dressed stranger rode up to the edge of the woods and stopped his horse in a secluded place. His store-bought clothes and striped shirt contributed to a general air of opulence and wisdom. Sonny Spriggins had a long neck like a goose, and about as much curiosity. He sidled out of the crowd to investigate the stranger.

"Howdy?"

"Howdy?" the stranger replied with a wink, and produced a bottle from his saddle-bags. "Want to buy a bottle of tea?" he asked, and then he winked again. The mystery and adventure riveted Sonny's attention.

"How much?" he inquired.

"A dollar a bottle, twenty bottles, take all or none. You see," he explained confidentially, "I can't stay here all day a-sellin' this kind o' tea. Git yo' friends an' buy me out."

Sonny saw the point; he ambled back to the barbecue and put his friends next. "Better not too many o' you fellers come—jes Skinny an' Jim an' me—three's enough." So Sonny and Skinny and Jim sought out the winky stranger and bought twenty bottles of TEA at one dollar per.

Sonny got out his knife and went to digging at a cork.

"Hold on," suggested the stranger; "wait till I git plumb away."

Sonny saw the point again, and waited while seventeen other impatient buyers gathered for the distribution.

The stranger was gone, and Sonny took a deep pull at the bottle. It made him sick in soul and body—his face showed it. He dropped his bottle and sneaked off while the other boys were pulling out their corks. "It is tea," said Skinny. The others said various things.

"He tole us to wait till he got plumb away, an', b'gosh, we done it!" Jim threw his bottle into the creek and marched back to the barbecue. Eighteen enlightened citizens followed him.

The greatest cause for dissatisfaction with the West Virginia saloon is its evil effect upon the miners. The coal operators are sick of it.

North Carolina's Governor once made a classic remark to the Governor of South Carolina. To-day the people of the two States, fearful lest their executives might come together on this proposition, have voted whisky out of every border county. A glance at the map will show a buffer line of Prohibition between their respective capitals.

History does not record the reply made by the Governor of South Carolina. It was doubtless made to the accompaniment of clinking glasses, the murmur of low fizz and the odor of sweet mints that gush forth from the midst of cherries. It is not these things to which Carolinians object—hospitality and tradition forbid. They object to the brazen tyrant himself, John Barleycorn the King, standing like a political colossus astride their narrow States.

Men began to look each other in the face and ask, "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great?"

Restrictive laws were put upon the statute-books purely

Some of Those Gentry Have Yet Two Hours and Fifty Minutes to Their Credit

for ornamental purposes—laws of vassals never bind the conscience of a king. King John could not obey these laws and make money. Hence the law must be violated, for the king needed coin. To violate the law he must "fix" the officers. Officers are cheap in King John's dominions. Some are bought by an occasional drink, some with the royal influence, and some, nearer the throne, command a higher price. This matter-of-course condition scarcely excited comment. Then Carolinians began to comment.

In North Carolina for many years organizations have existed to promote the cause of temperance. Continued agitation brought about a County Local Option Law under which numerous elections were held.

### The Old Quaker's Reason

THE general law permitted county commissioners to refuse licenses unless the applicant proved a good moral character. Some of these commissioners refused all applications upon the ground that no man of good moral character would want to sell whisky. A petition of this sort was once presented to the Quaker chairman of Randolph County. The would-be publican submitted flattering certificates recommending himself as a veritable Sir Galahad of gin-sellers. The old Quaker read them carefully, then meditated for a long while in silence. Finally he gazed over his specs, and remarked, "Well, thee has proven a good moral character, and we want thee to keep it. We will not give thee any license."

In 1881 a proposition for State-wide Prohibition was defeated by 100,000 majority. But the sentiment grew, and various restrictive measures were enacted by later legislatures. The Watts Law in 1903 gave the State rural Prohibition. Under a local option law most of the towns voted dry, and the Ward Law of 1905 prescribed the most rigid police regulations for saloon towns. Following the South Carolina idea dispensaries were erected in many counties; but these are being rapidly abolished.

Preparations are now being made to storm the liquor strongholds of Wilmington and Salisbury. On October 8 the saloons were blasted out of Asheville, despite the plea that tourists would not visit a dry town.

It is erroneous to speak of North Carolina by counties. All counties are dry under the Watts Law, and the towns have local option, choice of saloon, dispensary or Prohibition.

There are ninety-seven counties in the State. In twelve counties there are towns that have saloons. There are eighteen dispensaries in the State, some in saloon counties, some in counties which have no saloons. All else is dry.

When the Anti-Saloon League was organized five years ago there were five hundred licensed distilleries in rural districts. Now there are thirty-two in the towns under strict police supervision. These are decreasing.

Governor Glenn has taken a more advanced position since his inauguration, and thrown himself heartily into the campaign for State-wide Prohibition. This question will be presented to the next legislature, and the march of events through Georgia, Oklahoma and Alabama would leave but little doubt as to the result. There are, however, many prominent temperance advocates who prefer to pursue the successful methods of local option.

Out of two million people only one hundred and twenty-five thousand live in towns that have saloons; fewer than sixty thousand live in towns that have dispensaries. Nine-tenths of the population live in dry territory. Only one State has fewer saloons in proportion to population.

### The Story of Old Billy Fitz

OLD Billy Fitz was quite a character in the mountains. After the war he set up a distillery and, there being no established authority from which to get a license, Fitz rocked along without a license. He distilled and sold and throve. Then Billy Fitz began to hear rumors of revenue officers, spurious ones, raiding stills and confiscating property for their private use. This graft became quite popular and profitable. Billy made up what little mind he had that no brass-buttoned impostor should bulldoze him. So he loaded up a shotgun and laid a couple of army sabres where he wouldn't have to search for them.

One day something happened. A pair of brisk men in blue clothes came and said they wanted to "inspect."

"See here," said Billy, taking a sabre in one hand and a shotgun in the other—"See here, I done hearn tell o' you fellers; you ain't goin' to take nuthin' away from me 'cept over my dead body; git out."

The Federal Grand Jury not only indicted Billy for making moonshine, but for resisting United States officers as well. It not only cost him what he had, but he did time.

"And, stranger," he remarked forty years later while sitting on the porch of a mountain hotel—"stranger, I ain't never tuk a drink nor seen a worm from that day to this." A long silence. "Stranger, is thar any more saloons in the whole world?"

South Carolina really ought to know more about liquor legislation than any other State; she has taken everything, from the kindergarten to the postgraduate course. Her bargain counter has been spread with samples of every imaginable brew; having tasted and tested and tried them all, a wise selection should now be made under the shade of the sheltering palm.

In 1892 a Prohibition election was held. The Prohibitionists won by a good majority. But the entire vote cast was some thirty thousand short of normal. It would be a long story to tell the wherefore of it all, and why Governor Tillman availed himself of this situation by refusing to give the State a strict prohibitory law. He promised them a different brand, an imported article—something better, something that would reduce the consumption of whisky and control the traffic. From Athens, Georgia, he borrowed the dispensary system—borrowed it without security and indorsed it without recourse.

### A Hot Time in South Carolina

THE Governor at that time was personally opposed to Prohibition, although the liquor men had fought him vigorously. It was charged that his dispensary measure served a double private end: first, it put out of business his most rabid opponents; second, it built up for himself whatever liquor machine might develop in the State. This caused considerable gossip; hot words passed, and they had a hot time in South Carolina. Reference is here made to the temperature and not to the veracity of this gossip.

"Hold On," Suggested the Stranger; "Wait Till I Git Plumb Away"

Presently the lawyers got busy with the dispensary law, attacking and construing, evading and applying, mangling, macerating and amending—verily Jarndyce *versus* Jarndyce was a case of snap judgment compared to this endless litigation. The Supreme Court of the United States finally held the law constitutional as a proper exercise of the police power.

The constitutional convention of 1896 came on and Senator Tillman grafted upon his State constitution a clause perpetuating the dispensary. This clause, however, left it to the General Assembly to permit local option in one of three forms: dispensary, high license, Prohibition.

Even in those counties where license is granted the saloon must conform to dispensary regulations. In other words, it seems to contemplate the farming out of a dispensary to a private individual upon payment of a fixed fee.

The row broke out afresh. All Gaul was divided in three parts. *Omnia* South Carolina likewise *in tres* parties *divisa est*. One party favored State control through the dispensary. The second party was willing to accept a county dispensary law, if by so doing they could abolish the State institution. The third party favored absolute Prohibition.

This third was the old Conservative party, anti-Tillman, and opposed to the dispensary in any form—straight, sugared-and-watered, capsuled or cocktailed. They advocated a strict local option measure. Out of this hubbub the Carey-Cothran bill emerged, which was a compromise, wholly satisfactory to few. This bill abolished the State dispensary, the affairs of which are now being wound up by a commission in the United States Court, with seventy thousand dollars' worth of creditors clamoring over the remains.

### Catching Them Going and Coming

UNDER this act all impure liquors are declared contraband. Each county holds a special election to determine whether it shall have a dispensary in its cities. No liquor in any form can be sold outside the cities or towns. Dispensaries sell in sealed packages, not to be opened or drunk on the premises; no sales on Sunday or at night, to minors, inebriates, etc.; no shipment from wet to dry county. The dispensary must be in a room fronting the public street, without screens, pictures, mirrors or ornamentation; must not be in connection with any pool or billiard room, restaurant, or place of public amusement. All places where persons resort for the purpose of drinking are declared nuisances; severe penalties on clubs. Any county can hold an election and prohibit the manufacture. The penalties for violations are drastic. At present twenty-three counties have dispensaries and eighteen are dry.

In all probability the House of Representatives will pass a Prohibition bill this winter. Its fate in the Senate is doubtful. If the Senate votes it down the question will go before the people, and it is thought a General Assembly will be chosen favorable to State-wide Prohibition.

Politicians and people are both helping the divinity that shapes their end—and that is their end in South Carolina.

The whirligig has whirled again in Alabama. Eyes have been opened, especially in the Birmingham mineral district. Calamity was predicted by the driving away of labor—yet every laborer's precinct in the county voted dry.

Since their victory in Birmingham the temperance forces have been blotting out the black spots on their map. For a while they applied whitewash with some degree of discrimination, a little at a time; then a careless legislature upset the whitewash barrel and spilt it all over the State.

State Prohibition goes into effect January 1, 1909—and Mobile is threatening to secede. It is not known whether the city expects to join dry Mississippi or Florida, which is threatened.

Florida has had local option since 1887 by an amendment to the constitution of the State. One peculiar feature of the law is that although the county, as a whole, may vote "wet," yet if a single precinct in the county shows a majority against the sale, then no liquor can be sold in that precinct. Saloonkeepers argue that this is a poor rule because it won't work both ways. For example, if the county as a whole goes "dry" no precinct will remain "wet" irrespective of the vote cast in that precinct. It is a case of "Heads I win" and "Tails you lose."

This method seems to catch them going and coming, thirty-six counties out of forty-six in the State being completely dry. The other ten counties have dry patches.

Florida seems to have the prevailing infection, which cannot be accounted for on the mosquito theory. In the late elections Pensacola is one of the few voting wet.

The growth of straight-out Prohibition sentiment has caused a curious change. In cities like Pensacola the most pronounced local optionists are the men who bitterly denounced it ten years ago. Then they were clamoring for the privilege of selling in counties that did not want it, overriding local opinions and desires. Now they are clamoring for the privilege of being let alone. They fought local option when the State was trying to get it; now they claim to be inventors of the plan, preaching the beauties of the time-honored Anglo-Saxon principle of local self-government.

Prohibition sentiment has been greatly strengthened by the action of Georgia and Alabama. Democrats control

State politics; most of their prominent leaders are Prohibitionists, and many distinguished Republicans advocate the same idea. All of the larger cities are "wet" by the foreign and negro vote, as Prohibitionists claim. Most of the rural districts are dry, if not all of them, under four-mile laws.

The Governor of Florida, like most other Governors in the South, is an outspoken Prohibitionist. He makes one striking statement:

"It was observed by merchants in dry communities that their bills were paid more promptly, that the volume of business was greater, that the people became more prosperous and the towns improved more rapidly—both as to public and private improvements—until now people look upon the question both from a moral and a business standpoint, as their observation has confirmed them in the belief that it is better from every standpoint that the country should abolish the sale of liquor."

Mississippi, in 1880, had open saloons throughout the State, in cities, at remote settlements, crossroads and plantation stores. Boards of supervisors were empowered to grant liquor licenses outside of cities and towns. The doggery flourished like a fat pony in high oats.

When the whites of Mississippi resumed control of their own affairs the problems of bread and safety were paramount, and many evils went unchecked. The carpet-bagger took his plunder and decamped; the negro went to work, and the white man began putting his house in order. In the process of weeding out these country doggeries were thinned to a stand. Five-mile laws routed them from the roadside and sent them to the towns. Later it was enacted by general law that "every city or town of five hundred inhabitants or more, having police protection day and night," shall have the power to grant licenses. This drove the nail home, and the country saloon turned up its toes for good and all.

Since 1886 the State has had an effective county local option law under which many elections were held with varying results. Sometimes a county would go dry in one election and wet in another, or vice versa. Public opinion had not yet adjusted itself to a fixed policy. In July, 1887, Mr. Jefferson Davis, then living in seclusion at Beauvoir, addressed a letter to Governor F. R. Lubbock, of Fort Worth, Texas, taking a strong stand against the Prohibition amendment then before the voters of that State. This was replied to by Senator J. H. Reagan, of Texas, who had been a member of the Confederate Cabinet and was Mr. Davis' warm, personal friend. Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, then and now regarded as the leading Prohibitionist of his State, took part in the controversy. This resulted in a discussion which attracted national attention because of the courteous and scholarly manner in which it was conducted by men of great ability. Bishop Galloway rightly said to Mr. Davis, "Importance attaches to your every utterance." The echoes of this debate have not yet died away.

The problem was argued up and down before the people of Mississippi. In the last decade it has been practically solved, and scant differences of opinion remain. As early as 1890 forty counties had gone dry more than half the State. Up to this period negroes voted at all elections—voted wet. The counties voting dry were generally those having the largest proportion of white voters, the greatest number of farmers and the smallest towns. The wet counties were generally in the delta, with a preponderance of negroes, along the coast, or contained the larger cities.

In 1890 the long-discussed constitutional convention was held, its prime and paramount purpose being to purge the suffrage of ignorant and vicious voters—in plain English, to disfranchise the negro. In the election of delegates Prohibition was not made an issue. Its most extreme partisans attempted to force the question to the front. Thousands of conservative citizens, however, felt that Mississippi was passing through a crisis upon which Anglo-Saxons dared not differ. They dreaded the injection of any discussion so productive of bitter animosities.

When the convention assembled many ardent Prohibitionists regarded it as their golden opportunity, and pressed vigorously for an amendment. A majority of the committee on temperance reported that they "regard it as impracticable and inopportune to bring the subject of the liquor traffic or Prohibition before the convention." The minority reported in favor of a Prohibition clause, which was voted down. Perhaps the clearest statement of their reasons is contained in these remarks made on the floor: "I am in favor of Prohibition and against the saloons. My county is a Prohibition county. But my people think the subject should not be brought before us. We are overloading the ship. We already have a load. We are here to perpetuate white supremacy, and if we do that we will have done what is expected of us by the people."

This raised a storm of protest, but there can be no possible doubt it was for the best. In the saloon counties which yet remained the brazen defiance of law converted thousands. After a few years of trial it became evident that the dry towns were outstripping the wet ones in commercial prosperity. This tore down the tattered remnant of business bugaboo. Election after election was held, and the writer cannot now recall a solitary county which voted for the sale. It is a fact that no county which ever adopted Prohibition now permits the sale of whisky. Out of seventy-nine counties in the State seventy-two are dry, and the remaining seven are only damp in spots. State-wide Prohibition is an assured fact. It is not believed that the proposition will even be opposed. Ex-Governor Vardaman, always outspoken, has announced: "With all the vigor and earnestness that I possess I shall recommend complete extinction of the liquor traffic so far as the State of Mississippi is concerned."

Governor E. F. Noel, who has just been inaugurated in this year's legislative session, has always favored Prohibition, and will undoubtedly join in Governor Vardaman's recommendation. He says:

"The influence on the negro of intoxicants, inflaming his criminal passions and weakening his small reasoning powers, has greatly strengthened the Prohibition cause, and will finally lead to Prohibition in all communities where the negro is found in large numbers, except the chief cities.

"Open saloons undoubtedly increase the use of liquor by negroes. Since saloons have been driven out of this county a great many negroes do not use liquor at all, and their criminality has been much diminished.

"The activity of the liquor-selling people in politics will not be tolerated much longer in this State. By concentrating on the candidate from whom they expect least interference with their business they often exercise the controlling voice, and candidates do not frequently disappoint their expectations. While this evil to some extent affects State politics, it is much more potent in county and municipal politics.

"The saloonists keep tab on registration, study the means of reaching a majority of voters, and wield great secret political power. The vote controlled by saloon-keepers is always united, and the opposition is often divided, increasing their political effectiveness.

"Convenient access to liquor, furnished by saloons, makes negro labor comparatively worthless. Where Prohibition is fairly well enforced, with the negro 'out of sight is out of mind.'"

The legislature of 1908 will, beyond all question, pass a State prohibitory law and submit a constitutional amendment to the people—which will carry overwhelmingly. Liquor men concede that. The only open question is as to when the new law will go into effect. There being no distilleries or breweries in the State, with large invested capital and employing many men, there is no reason why it should not go into effect at once. When Mississippi falls into line with Georgia and Alabama a crow might fly from the Atlantic Ocean to the Father of Waters, without casting shadow upon an inch of saloon territory.

The data from which this map is prepared was obtained from the records of the Anti-Saloon League, and from reliable gentlemen in each State. The liquor interests could furnish no information. The white sections represent Prohibition territory; black, licensed saloon territory; shaded, modified license territory, dispensaries, distilleries, etc., or territory which is partly wet and partly dry. Great pains were taken to insure accuracy, but conditions are shifting so rapidly that many counties marked black should probably be white. It is not possible to note the exact area of cities and towns where liquor is sold; therefore, in most instances, the entire county is marked black, although there are no saloons in the rural districts.

VIRGINIA — Pronounced Saloon Territory in Cities; Dispensaries, Hotels, Clubs, etc., Licensed; No Rural Saloons
WEST VIRGINIA — Saloons in Cities; No Rural Saloons
NORTH CAROLINA — Saloons in Cities; Dispensaries; No Rural Saloons
SOUTH CAROLINA — Dispensaries in Cities; No Rural Saloons
GEORGIA — All Dry Since January 1, 1908
ALABAMA — All Dry After January 1, 1909
FLORIDA — Saloons in Cities; Rural Districts Generally, if Not Entirely, Dry
MISSISSIPPI — Saloons in Cities; No Rural Saloons
ARKANSAS — Saloons in Cities; No Rural Saloons
TENNESSEE — Saloons in Cities of Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga
KENTUCKY — Wet Counties; Marks Saloon Towns in Dry Counties
MISSOURI — Saloons in Cities; No Rural Saloons
LOUISIANA — Saloon Territory; Rural Saloons in Many Parishes
OKLAHOMA — All Dry Under New Constitution
TEXAS — Wet Territory; Partly Wet and Partly Dry

Louisiana is divided; the north is cotton, the south is rice and sugar. Then there is the city of New Orleans. These make up the State. North Louisiana is largely dry; along the river, the coast and in the southern parishes it is generally wet. The city is wet—extremely wet.

A strong temperance movement is developing, and liquor men are taking time by the forelock in an effort to weed out the most objectionable ones of their class.

The State of Louisiana has a slightly modified form of local option under which twenty-three parishes are completely dry, seven partly dry and twenty-seven wet. This situation is changing, always toward the dry side.

Arkansas has been saying very little, but it has sawed a great pile of wood. Prior to 1900 the general majority throughout the State in favor of license was 11,273.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1900, wet counties 45; dry 30; wet majority in State | 8,513 |
| 1902, wet counties 30; dry 45; wet majority in State | 3610 |
| 1904, wet counties 30; dry 45; wet majority in State | 1,953 |
| 1906, wet counties 17; dry 58; dry majority in State | 15,618 |

In these seventeen wet counties four-fifths of the outlying wards of the cities and townships of the county are dry. No more licenses can be granted outside of the incorporated towns. As in other Southern States they have no saloons where they have no police. The bane and the antidote must go together.

### The Arkansas Petition Law

There is a petition law in Arkansas peculiar to that State. A majority of the "inhabitants" may petition for the removal of all saloons within three miles of any church or schoolhouse. This applies to cities. As "inhabitants" include the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters over eighteen years of age it would seem that this is a most effective weapon.

Indeed it is difficult to imagine how any further legislation could be needed.

Of course this brings up the old problem of the enforcement of laws made by women. A large majority of men might be in favor of the saloon, yet a small minority of men, joined with all the women, might petition the saloons out of legal existence. Would the law then be enforced? The same majority of men who desired the saloon to remain might well elect officers pledged to non-interference. Women could not vote, indict or convict violators. More than this, "inhabitants" include negroes, negro women—a new element of uncertainty, a new potentiality for trouble.

There is one element of certainty in Arkansas. A test of strength has been made and measured. If State Prohibition be submitted to the people it will carry.

Missouri has been a battle-ground these last few months, with a larger proportion of foreign-born soldiers than any other State in the South.

The local option law of Missouri permits counties to vote as a whole, except cities of twenty-five hundred or more, which vote separately. Five years ago out of one hundred and fifteen counties only four were dry, and the law was enforced in but one. Now there are forty-five completely dry, seven others dry with the exception of a single city in each, and Marion County except the cities of Hannibal and Palmyra. The situation is changing like a nickelodeon picture.

Governor Folk is now applying the "derelict officer law," and the nation has been much amused by the squirmings of St. Louis. National attention has fixed itself upon this condition. Prohibition effort is now being focused on the next legislature, which meets in 1909. The plan is to carry the State, county by county, as was so successfully done in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, then, with a public sentiment aroused and fortified, submit a constitutional amendment to the people.

Oklahoma has decided that Lo must go unliquored. United States Special Agent Johnson has been trying to accomplish this in the Indian Territory, and four of his deputies have been murdered by whisky outlaws. On the night of November 3 Randolph W. Cathey was shot by a joint-keeper as he came out of a restaurant. Then the mob took a hand, burned the joints and gave the jointists three hours to leave town. Some of these gentry yet have two hours and fifty minutes to their credit.

It was a favorite plan of joint-keepers to ship liquor straight through the territory on through bills. When it reached Muscogee, for instance, the joint-keeper would replevy it from the railroad company and sell the stuff. Mr. Johnson broke up this practice and many other evasions. All of this in the face of Federal laws forbidding importation of liquor into the Territory, or sales to Indians. But the people are expected to "regulate saloons" very gently, using only moral suasion. A Texas judge once told a horse-thief, "I'm perfectly willing to give you a fair trial, but I tell you right now I'm going to hang you higher than h——." Crisp idea, that.

The Lone Star State is now entering upon its second great campaign for State Prohibition. In 1887 an effort was made to engraft such a clause upon the constitution. The proposition was voted down by an enormous majority. Democratic leaders appealed to the people to defeat State Prohibition, and promised to enact effective local option laws. This promise has been well redeemed.

After its terrific defeat an ardent friend of the measure wrote that it was settled for all time. But Banquo's ghost might learn a few tricks from these restless Texans. They resorted to local option, and within a decade have completely changed the complexion of the State. Out of two hundred and forty-five counties one hundred and forty-five are wholly dry, fifty-three partly dry, and the remaining forty-seven license open saloons. Much Texas territory is yet unorganized into counties, being occupied only by those who graze their herds.

The same significant fact may be here remarked that the dry counties lie in those portions of the State where unmixed Anglo-Saxon blood predominates. Wet counties cluster round the cities, fringe the coast, and follow the Rio Grande.

For several years anti-liquor Democrats have had complete control of both branches of the legislature. They have waited until the steady growth of sentiment would make saloon downfall inevitable. At their next meeting they confidently expect the necessary two-thirds majority to submit State-wide Prohibition to the people.

Political conditions have changed since 1887. At that time any man twenty-one years of age could vote, and no questions asked. One hundred thousand negro ballots were probably cast against Prohibition. To-day there are not ten thousand negro votes in the State, out of a total vote of nine hundred thousand. Poll tax and registration requirements are so strict that very few illegal votes could possibly be cast. This puts a different face upon the matter.

The liquor interests are wide awake to their danger, but in Texas, as in other States, they are taking notice too late. Long-continued violations of law have built up such bitter opposition to the entire traffic that nothing short of annihilation will satisfy its foes.

The Texas Brewers' Association levied a tax of twenty cents per keg on each keg of beer made and sold in the State. They employed the ablest lawyers and prosecuted all violations of liquor dealers' bonds, selling to minors, gambling and dancing in saloons, music and women, etc. For eighteen months these prosecutions were carried on and three hundred thousand dollars spent—with the net effect that thirty additional counties went dry meanwhile.

"You are ten years behind time," said the Texans.

### The Claims of the Liquor Interests

The liquor interests have a distinct side to the controversy; any interest that has one hundred and sixteen thousand more places of business than there are Christian churches in the United States is bound to have a very powerful side. This country spends a billion and a third more dollars to keep up the saloons than it does to educate its people.

The liquor interests say Prohibition is a failure, beat, county, municipal, state or national—all a failure. It was tried by the colonies from Maine to Georgia and abandoned. Between 1850 and 1860 it was revived—by Maine, 1851; Vermont, 1852; Rhode Island and Michigan, 1853; Connecticut and New York, 1854; New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maryland, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska and Illinois, 1855; Kansas, 1882; Iowa, 1884; North and South Dakota, 1889. Eighteen States adopted Prohibition and fifteen repudiated it after a more or less thorough trial.

The experience of communities which have tried local Prohibition or local option differs in no way from that of the States which have tried Prohibition. It has uniformly failed to prohibit, the liquor men assert, and has brought in its wake a long train of attendant evils and disaster. From 1890 to 1903 eighteen hundred and fifty-three communities have voted on the subject of local option. In five hundred and ten of these communities local option was defeated by approximately a two-thirds vote. In the remaining thirteen hundred and forty-three communities local option carried by fair majorities in the first instance. In a few of these communities elections have been held frequently, with results alternating between license and local option.

In five hundred and ninety-two communities local option is nominally in force, but in few, if any, is there any real enforcement, while the towns have suffered severely in many ways from the measure.

In seven hundred and fifty-one communities, in which at the first election local option carried, it has since been defeated, the communities being satisfied by experience that it was a failure. The aggregate majorities in favor of local option in all such communities at the first election on the subject was one hundred and eight thousand nine hundred and forty-two. The aggregate majorities for license in the same communities when local option was repudiated was one hundred and fifty-nine thousand six hundred and eleven.

### What Liquor Men Say About Atlanta

Notable among the communities adopting local option was the city of Atlanta. In less than two years this city saw eleven hundred of its houses vacant, its debt enlarged, its taxes increased, and drunkenness more riotous than had ever before been known. With the promptness that the case demanded the city repudiated the law in November, 1887, by a majority which left little hope of ever again imposing it upon her people.

Prohibition has been no more successful in Canada than in the United States. A few years ago a law was passed similar to those in force in the States of the Union, and was given a sincere and earnest trial. In April, 1889, it was repealed. Every town and city in Canada which voted on that day rejected Prohibition.

Liquor dealers make the foregoing assertions and point to them as a record of failure and an evidence that Prohibition merely prohibits licensed saloons by substituting blind tigers. The trade realizes, however, that something must be done. Wholesalers, distillers and trade journals edited by gentlemen of great ability foresee the destruction of their business. Jonah must be cast overboard; "the tough saloon must go," they say. But the tough saloon does not want to go; it is making money. Aye, there's the rub. Wholesalers and distillers are in favor of closing on Sunday and at a reasonable hour at night. The brewers, on the other hand, are opposed to Sunday-closing laws.

The retailer objects to the wholesaler or distiller meddling with his business. But there must be a cutting-loose somewhere. United they fall; divided some of them may stand. All must realize the impossibility of a dive-keeper mending his ways. If he conducted his place decently his patrons would shudder like a tramp at a Turkish bath.

The distillers and dealers met in Louisville and formed the Model License League, electing as their president Mr. T. M. Gilmore, the able editor of Bonfort's Circular. Upon his suggestion the following address was adopted:

*To the People of the United States and to the Members of the Legislatures of our Various States:*

Acting upon the principle that men regulate their conduct largely in proportion to the rewards offered and the penalties inflicted, we are disposed, after the most careful consideration of the matter, to lay before our fellow-citizens certain ideas which should be applied to the regulation of the retail liquor business of this country, and which we believe would remove the evils connected with this trade, and of which society so justly complains.

The retail liquor dealer, like any other man, gravitates instinctively, unconsciously, and in obedience to the immutable


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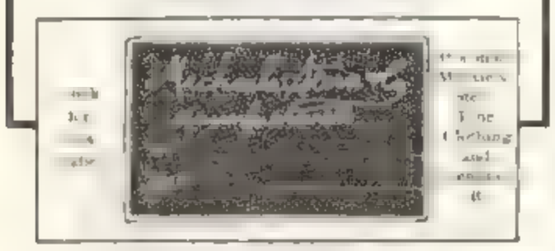

laws of trade toward that line of conduct which seems to promise the most substantial rewards, and, like other men, he is ofttimes persuaded, because of the force of competition, or in obedience to the law of self-preservation, to do things he condemns at heart, and which do hurt to the opinions, and perchance to the rights, of others.

This is not peculiar to the retail liquor trade, because investigations have shown that many great fortunes and many great franchises have been acquired by questionable methods; but the saloonkeeper's shortcomings have been much more extensively brought before public notice than those of any other set of men.

Why do so many saloonkeepers violate law? Because they find it profitable, or else because their competitors practically force them to violate law.

If one manufacturer secures rebates from railroads, his competitors must do likewise or else retire from business.

To protect honesty it must be rewarded, and dishonesty must be punished.

We are all controlled by promises of rewards for right conduct and of penalties for evil conduct, and even the ministers would find it hard to inculcate religion if these factors were eliminated from the doctrines of the churches.

We would, therefore, urge that the following suggestions be embodied in an act and passed by the Legislature of your State for the regulation of saloons:

First.—All licenses now outstanding should be made permanent unless canceled by a vote of the majority of the citizens of a State, county, precinct or municipality.

These licenses should be transferable from one to another, as any other property is transferred, or left as a part of an estate, as the good-will of any other business may be left. This form of license is similar to that enjoyed by all other lines of trade, and if granted to the retail liquor dealers it will, in our opinion, remove them at once from active participation in politics. Under the present system the saloonkeeper is at the mercy of the political boss, and of the authorities elected or appointed for the purpose of issuing licenses each year, and as long as this continues he must, of necessity, remain an active factor in all political fights.

Second.—No license should be issued in the future until the proportion becomes not more than one for each 500 of population, and thereafter they should be issued in such proportion as society or convenience may demand.

Third.—A license should yield a good annual return to Government, but it should not be excessive for several reasons: principally because it encourages, and in some cases almost compels, the handling of impure liquors, the sale of alcoholic beverages to intoxicated men and to minors, and the violation of laws in regard to closing at certain hours, etc.

If society imposes upon the saloonkeeper the saloonkeeper will certainly impose upon society.

Fourth.—All licenses to retail liquors should be clear, unambiguous contracts between the State and the individual, and they should provide that conviction in a circuit court (first offense) of the violation of law should carry with it a thirty days' suspension of the business of the licensee, and the second conviction should work immediate cancelation, and, furthermore, that the holder could never be licensed again to retail liquors in that State.

Fifth.—A penalty should be provided in all laws governing the retail liquor trade against any minor over eighteen who represents himself to be of age in order to procure intoxicants.

The idea that is paramount in these suggestions is to give as great value and security to a license as possible, so as to encourage the utmost obedience to the will of society as expressed in the laws on the statute-books; to remove the liquor dealer from politics by making his right to continue business dependent on his own will and acts; and to provide the immediate and inevitable cancelation of license upon conviction of the violation of law.

If these suggestions are embodied into law they will not interfere with any provisions that a State or a municipality may choose to adopt for the regulation of the liquor traffic, but they will insure the enforcement of these provisions by an automatic process. The saloonkeeper will enforce the provisions, because it will pay him so much better to obey law than to violate it. To preserve so valuable a license as we have suggested from cancelation, the saloonkeeper will be of all men most anxious to run an orderly place, to refuse to sell to minors or inebriates, and to close at the hour named by society.

We submit these suggestions with confidence to society, because we believe that they contain the solution of a problem which has puzzled this country for so many years. If they fail of the desired effect they will offer no obstacle to the enactment of any other form of legislation.

It is their purpose to submit this first to a convention of lawyers, ministers and public-spirited citizens, and then to the legislatures of the States as a substitute for the measures of the Anti-Saloon League.

Whatever the merit of this Model License Panacea the Southern patient is apt to gag at it, being ill of a nausea that hath more need of a stomach pump than of further dosing. The Southern pulse does not beat very temperately at this present moment. The protest of the people is being filed and a long account must first be reckoned. Then, perhaps, a just balance may be struck.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of Mr. Dickson's articles on the Southern movement for Prohibition.

# The Manœuvres of O-Yasu-san

(Concluded from Page 11)

pictures, fluttered the gaudy, mocking little form of O-Yasu-san, and she clenched her delicate fists at the thought. About her wisps of rice-paper were scattered like snow, the pieces of O-Yasu-san's letter which she had torn to pieces in a frenzy:

"*Darling Aunty Tommy:*

"I got marriage with Mr. Middleton," wrote the jade. "Listen, honorable aunt-in-law, I did not intend making this beautiful elopement with that loavely man. I just want making revenge on you, because I listening at the *shoji* on that day you making plan with him—for just little bit while, so you can see him much. I say that I going unto that Englishman making a big raddle and noise. Mebbe, he gitting skeered, and run away from Japan. But he not want doing thus. Say he got mad with love for me, and so we make that marriage, sure enough. That's very nice. Thanks you for making me aquinted with my honorable hosband. Good-by. Mebbe my honorable uncle thank *me* also. Yes?" and she signed her name in dashing letters—Japanese—at the end.

Marie held the ice-bag over her mistress' temple. She spoke thoughtfully:

"Madame was always better at zese times when m'sieu' was wiz her. Perhaps, madame ——"

Mrs. Tom buried her face deeply in her pillow. From there her muffled voice came:

"Cable, Marie—cable—cable. Say—we are—going—home."

There was once a man, Mark Twain tells us, who wouldn't shingle his roof when the sun shone because it wasn't necessary, and when it rained he couldn't. So he never got anywhere.

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# FROM OUR READERS

### Is Roosevelt a Menace?

*Editor of* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

President Roosevelt is not responsible for our present troubles. He has only *helped* to turn on the light. The idea that he is a menace to legitimate business is an absurdity.

The reasons for our troubles are these:

The inefficiency of our laws and legal machinery; rotten business methods; the press, and a lack of moral stamina.

Under our multitudinous laws governing trade, of which the tariff is the cornerstone, huge fortunes, vast aggregations of capital, have been amassed by a relatively few. Once accumulated, they have had to be protected and, in being safeguarded, they have, of necessity, grown. In their growth, always relentless, quite often reckless, methods have gradually been brought into play which may be likened to the thimble-rigger with his fascinating little shells and the highbinder with his bludgeon. These methods and their resulting conditions would have been thought moral and physical impossibilities a very few years ago.

That our laws and legal machinery have been generally inefficient witness the sensation produced by one stern, inflexible enforcement of them. The money world has been on a long financial debauch. Instead of locking up the drunkards they have been free to contaminate the whole people.

The present troubles culminated a short time ago in certain badly-bungled deals, which in cleverer, stronger hands would have passed unnoticed, huge as they were.

The only natural condition that has anything to do with Wall Street's troubles is that the rich, growing West and South are financing their own affairs. The public has been out of the stock market for some time. "*Hinc illae lachrymae.*"

H. S. STABLER, *Baltimore.*

### The Battle of the Bottle—A Postscript

*Editor of* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

You are courteous enough to give the Ohio Wine and Spirit Association, the central organization of the distillers and wholesale liquor dealers of Ohio, an opportunity to protest against the publication of a quotation, copied in your issue of November 9, as a part of Mr. Harris Dickson's article.

You have printed at the head of this article, in a "frame" by itself, a speech ascribed to an officer of the Ohio State Liquor League, in which the latter is said to have delivered himself of a most outrageous, inhuman plea for the creation of an appetite for drink in young boys.

Now, Mr. Editor, that speech is a vicious fabrication. No such deliverance was ever made, and those of the Anti-Saloon and Prohibition forces who have been using it for lo! these many years must know perfectly well that it is spurious.

A leaflet, comprising the speech, entitled Our Boys, was used by Prohibitionists many years ago. At that time the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association offered a thousand dollars' reward to any one who could prove it authentic. Since that time little has been heard of it, and now, after all these years, it turns up, ready to the hand of men who, inspired either by fanatical zeal or personal gain, seek to imprint upon latter-day civilization a revival of the practices of the days of Cotton Mather.

The careful reader can readily see, as you frankly admit, that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not vouch for this supposed speech. THE POST has simply printed it as one of the phases of the campaign. But, unfortunately, it is believed for the very reason that it appears in your magazine. For example: When in the Jacksonville Anti-Saloon campaign the authenticity of the speech was denied, the Anti-Saloon faction's reply was as follows: "We quoted verbatim two journals, one at least, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of representative character." So you see, Mr. Editor, they do expect their utterances to gain credence from the authority of your columns.

If the people of the United States only knew the reason for the growth of these campaigns against the legitimate sale of liquor they would be astounded, to say the least. If one word could sum up the situation, that word would be "politics." The Anti-Saloon people have gone into politics, and, mark you, not reform politics, but any kind of politics necessary to subserve their ends.

It would be as unfair on our part to defend all of the practices of all the liquor sellers of the Union on the one hand, as to accuse all the Anti-Saloon campaigners of unfairness on the other hand, but we intend to see to it that if any section of the American people vote for Prohibition, it shall be because they want it, and not because they have been badgered into it by despicable lies as to the ravages of liquor or the inhumanity on the part of those who deal in it. The distillers and brewers of this country have themselves begun campaigns to exterminate abuses where they exist.

A writer in an Anti-Saloon League article lately said: "The very fact that a man is engaged in the liquor business is *prima facie* evidence that he is devoid of the ordinary attributes of humanity and has become demonized." Such twaddle is of a piece with the widespread circulation of the Our Boys article, to which you gave prominence in your issue of November 9.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
*Ohio Wine and Spirit Association.*

### "Our Boys"

*Editor of* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

*Dear Sir:* I notice the liquor dealers deny the statements which you published concerning their effort to create an appetite for liquor among boys, and herewith submit an affidavit of the man who heard the statements in question. The affidavit is in words and figures as follows:

STATE OF OHIO }
ROSS COUNTY } *ss.*

Personally appeared before me, Wilbur G. Hyde, Notary Public in and for Ross County, one Robert Wallace, who, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says:

That on or about the fourteenth day of February, in the year 1874, he was present in Wirthwein's Hall, Columbus, Ohio, at a meeting where representatives of the liquor dealers were present discussing their plans.

At that meeting one of the representatives of the liquor interests spoke on matters of interest to the saloon business and its success. He closed the statement with substantially these words:

"The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty, as well as our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative.

"The open field for the creation of appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed they rarely ever change in this regard, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed."

Affiant further says that he made a record of the statement in his notebook at the time. Further deponent says not. Signed, R. H. WALLACE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1907.

Signed, WILBUR G. HYDE,
*Notary Public in and for Ross County.*

The affiant, R. H. Wallace, at the time of said meeting in Wirthwein's Hall, which he personally attended, was pastor of a prominent church in the city of Columbus. He is now a superannuated member of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For a number of years he has lectured extensively for the Farmers' Institutes of the State, and has not hesitated everywhere in his lectures to quote the utterances made by a representative of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and no particular diligence would have been required for the liquor dealers to have learned the above facts long ago.

W. B. WHEELER,
*Superintendent and Attorney.*

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9747 Somebody's Been Around Here Since I've Been Gone (West & Bratton) Billy Murray
9748 I Love You So (Lehar) A Song from "The Merry Widow" Miss Hinkle and Mr. Muler
9749 The Crack Regiment Patrol (Moses-Tobani) . . . Edison Symphony Orchestra
9750 Garibaldi (Brockman) Italian Dialect Song . . . James Brockman
[illegible] Muler and Werrenrath
[illegible] Ada Jones
[illegible] Albert Benzler
9754 Take Me With You in Your Dreams (Fay & Oliver) . Harry Anthony
9755 Rain-in-the-Face (Burt) Collins and Harlan
9756 When the Violets Bloom, Violet (Roden & Helf) . . . Irving Gillette
9757 The Outpost March (Heed) . . . Edison Military Band
9758 Will He Answer "Goo-Goo"? (MacDonald & Meher) One of Vesta Victoria's song hits Stella Tobin
9759 He Lifted Me (Homer & Gabriel) Anthony and Harrison
[illegible] Romance and Reality (Sloan & Harrison) Song from "Fascinating Flora" Edward M Favor
[illegible] American Polka (Kumble) Accordion solo John Kumble
[illegible] Like the Roses Miss the Rain (Mohr & Mahoney) Reed Muler
[illegible] Log Cabin in the Lane (Hayes) Edison Male Quartette
[illegible] Imitation of Amateur Night at the Vaudeville (Original) [illegible]
[illegible] Smiler (Wenrich) Banjo solo [illegible]
[illegible] Little Baby Shoes (Morse & Madden) [illegible]
9767 August and Katrina (Original) [illegible]
9768 Much Obliged to You (Burt) Coon song hit in "The Girl Behind the Counter" [illegible]
9769 King of Rags (Swisher) . . . Edison Military Band

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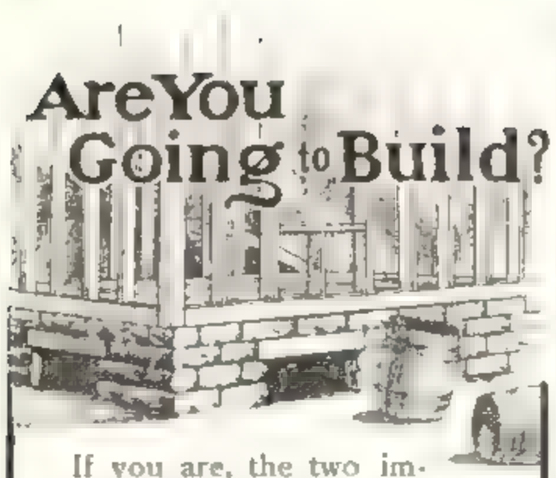

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# The Diary of a Fool Investor—By Wallace Irwin

"I am J. Quackenbos Canard, the Rich and Famous Secretary of the Fandango Fruit Company, of Porto Rico"

## III—Jonah Quick Strolls into Paradise

The trees, where crystals hang like ice,
Are sweet with birds of paradise,
Bright gems and fiery fruits entice
The soul's bravado.
The air is charged with brilliant schemes,
The days with gold, the nights with dreams,
And silly suckers fill the streams
Of El Dorado. — *Ballad of a Bucketeer.*

*December* 1.—Thomas W. Lawson has just discovered that the Public is a fool ninety-nine per cent. of the time. The other one per cent., he says, they are apt to be wrong. He is going to dissolve partnership with the Public and go in for Thomas W. Chancellor Day says that Teddy is a Raid on Prosperity—I wonder if Thomas is going to join Roosevelt's Rough Raiders? Stocks are way down low and it's a great time to buy!

*December* 2.—It's awful, this having Money on the Mind—I'm losing sleep. Sometimes in demi-dreams I seem to see a great ticker-tape, writhing snakelike around the room, ticking off quotations from the buttons on the end of its tail. Dimly in the distance I seem to see Wall Street, like a golden lane, where angels are shoveling bullion into airships and bearing it away to the Islands of the Blest. Overcome by the beauty of the vision, I rise from my pillow and murmur, "Wall Street, do you want me?"

And, for reply, there rises from the Stock Exchange a roar as of many voices, crying from afar off:

"COME ON! !"

*December* 3.—Joy! Uncle Eb Canfield is dead!

*December* 4.—Uncle Eb was only eighty-one when he died—yet I can't regret him, somehow. He lived for twenty-eight years in the Auditorium Annex out back of Jo Pfeifer's cow-barn. He must have died very rich, for he lived as economical as possible. He had a fad for collecting tin cans. General Grant presented him with an army shirt in 1865, and Uncle Eb was so fond of it that he never changed it till the day of his death.

Pa was Uncle Eb's nearest relative; but Uncle hated Pa and adored me. Who inherits all that money, then?

Wouldn't this be a nice time to take a trip to Wall Street!

*December* 5.—I've been figuring out how rich Uncle Eb must have been. It's a scientific fact that nearly every old gentleman who lives for twenty-eight years out back of a cow-barn is a miser. No miser that's worth a hill of beans ever hoards less than ten thousand dollars. Uncle Eb was dirty and eccentric enough to rank as a double-miser—therefore, it is merely conservative to estimate his fortune at twenty thousand dollars. Of course, there's really no limit to the amount Uncle Eb *might* have hidden under his mattress.

*December* 6.—Borrowed from S—— amount of two hundred dollars on my chance to inherit. I've got it all in dollar bills, so that it will make a chunky roll. I feel all padded out.

Me for N. Y. to-morrow g. m.!

*December* 7.—(En route). My leave-taking of Quietus was like the Soldier's Farewell in three colors. Pa said, "Good-by, you Idiot!" and refused to escort me down to the depot. But Ma remarked that I might lose my way, so she took me to the train. I was very happy because Caryatid and Katydid were on the platform to see me off. Just as the train was pulling out Katydid whispered something so consoling that I felt it my duty to kiss her.

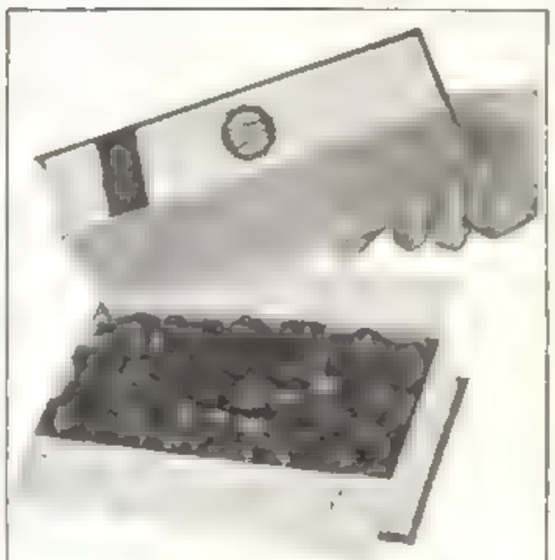
She said: "Go forth, my Knight!"

Caryatid heard this and remarked: "Yes, go forth by night—and you'd better come back by night, too. You'll look less foolish!"

I didn't think it necessary to kiss Caryatid.

*Hoboken, December* 8.—I fly to pen and ink, because to-day has been the day of days. I have met my Financial Affinity!

When I took a seat in the smoker to enjoy a cigarette and soothe my nerves after the excitement incident upon my leaving dear old Quietus—perhaps forever—

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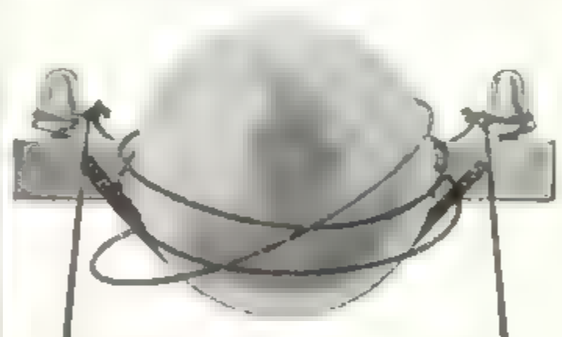

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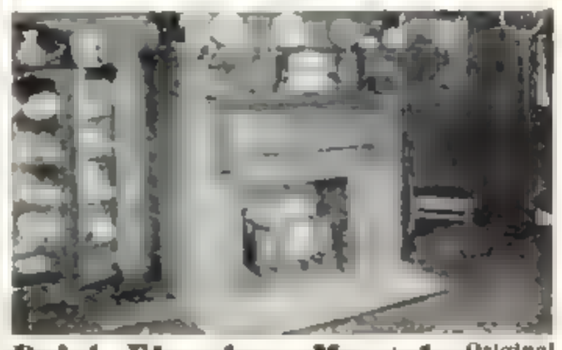

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it occurred to me that it would be wise for me to count over my money and see that none of it was missing. The roll, being mostly composed of one-dollar bills, and twice as big as my wrist, made quite a sensation, I guess. The conductor acted as if a dynamiter had flagged the train, and a fresh guy from Pennsylvania stood up in his seat and said, "G. Whatawad!"

Just a minute later, after I had finished counting over my pile, a nice, conservative-looking gentleman with a canary-colored tie, a purple nose and a green vest (the Rockefeller kind) sat down next to me and asked me for the loan of a match.

"Are you going away from here?" he asked, handing me a couple of bills which I had spilled out of my roll into the seat.

I told him that this was, indeed, my first trip, but that I didn't expect to go back home for some time, as I intended renting an office at No. 1 Wall Street. I further mentioned that my name was Jonah Quick, and that I came from Quietus New Jersey.

"What!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman, his nose lighting up with intelligence "*you* are not the son of Old Man Quick of Quietus New Jersey are you?"

I asked him if he knew Father.

"Know him!" exclaimed Mr. Canard (for such was his name). "Know Old Man Quick—why, your father and I were old college chums!"

Mr. Canard wiped his eyes on a pink silk handkerchief. I asked him what college he and Dad had attended.

"Underwood's Business College your father and I sang on the old glee club there away back in '76." Mr. Canard buried his face in his hands. "You are the living image of Henry," he said.

"My father's name is James," I said.

"Oh, yes, so it is—so it was even in those days," said Mr. Canard, falling into a reverie. "And yet, how the times have changed! To-day your father is, I trust, an obscure citizen of Quietus, New Jersey—and look at me—look at ME!" said Mr. Canard, inflating his chest till the fountain-pens popped out of his pocket. "I am J. Quackenbos Canard, the rich and famous Secretary of the Fandango Fruit Company, of Porto Rico."

Porto Rico! How golden the name tingled in my ears—here was a source of wealth which I had never investigated. Before my imagination there spread a vision of balmy, palmy prosperity. The roll of bills in my inside pocket began to stir uneasily.

"Are there fortunes to be made in fruit?" I asked.

"My dear boy!" said Mr. Canard; "my dear BOY!!" He paused for a moment entranced, seemingly, by the hypnotic beauty of Porto Rico. Then he opened a traveling-bag which he carried, rummaged around a while and brought out a bright red pamphlet labeled, "Why Not Own the Tropics?"

Mr. Canard turned over several pages and unfolded a four-jointed panoramic photograph. It was marked, "Characteristic Scene from Fandango Fruit Plantations, Porto Rico."

"This looks like a view of Heaven in spring," I said.

"It is Porto Rico all the year round," said Mr. Canard, smiling benevolently.

The panoramic photograph showed a stretch of land extending, it seemed to me, from Mexico to Terra del Fuego. As far as the eye could reach were rows and rows of enormous, bristly, spiky, sprouty pineapples. A dozen natives in white-wing uniforms were posing in the foreground.

"This is one of our fifty-eight-thousand-acre tracts under cultivation," said Father's Friend. "In this tract there are, we estimate, ten thousand pineapples to the acre. The annual yield of this plantation can be easily computed. Any child knows that ten thousand times fifty-eight thousand is five hundred and eighty million, or the number of pineapples growing on this tract. What then would be the net value of five hundred and eighty million pineapples at three cents apiece?" asked Mr. Canard.

I reached for my pencil, but Dad's chum detained me.

"The answer is seventeen million four hundred thousand dollars!" he said. As soon as these figures had sunk in he added, "And this is not all! The marvelously rich Porto Rican soil yields *three crops of pineapples yearly*, bringing the annual yield of pineapples from this tract up to the magnificent total of fifty-two million two hundred thousand dollars!"

On the next page was a portrait of a tropical-looking gentleman, seated directly under a tree, which was laden, like a huckleberry bush, with lemons of enormous size. This gentleman was draped with a large number of dark-skinned children, and a stoutish lady, apparently his wife, leaned on the arm of his chair and held a lemon invitingly to her cheek.

"Don Diego Vincenzo Ferrara, President of the Fandango Fruit Company," said Mr. Canard. "Five years ago he was a peon working on these plantations. In the last four years he has made a fortune, married and raised seven children. Such is the productiveness of the Porto Rican soil.

"Life under such conditions is delightful. Think of awakening in the morning to the matin-song of the peacock and thrush, bidding you partake of a delicious breakfast of *ollas* and *chuchuchu* berries, prepared by the deft hands of the lovely señoritas in which the island abounds."

"But what happens in case of drought?" I asked, forgetting the señoritas and thinking only of the fruit.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Canard, "they don't have drought in Porto Rico—not since the American Government took hold of the island."

"But what if there *was* a drought?" I suggested.

"What if there *was?*" echoed Father's Friend. "In case of drought we could turn our attention to a thousand different things—we could make guava jelly—delicious and remunerative—we could study Indian basketry—we could start an ostrich farm and ship the eggs to New Orleans, where they are in great demand. Are we afraid of drought? No, siree! We'd make money by it!"

"How much does it cost to get in?" I asked, reaching for my bill roll.

*Hoboken, December* 9.—I have not started to New York yet, because I am stopping quietly here thinking over that fruit proposition. It sounds like a tropical phenomenon. Isn't it a safe thing to buy real estate? There is something unsubstantial and fly-away about stocks; their very up-and-down-ness is sort of sneaking. But real estate! that's something that goes right down to the centre of the earth. Nothing but an earthquake can take it away from you—and, even then, you own the crack. Real estate is like owning a section of the solar system. It's something you can stand on and wave the American flag and yell, "Hooray! It's mine!"

Mr. Canard says that the Fandango Fruit Company is opening up a new tract it's a small thing of only twenty-five thousand acres, so I had better put in quick before it's all gone. You always have to snap up these good things before the opportunity vanishes forever.

I can get three acres on this new tract at fifty dollars per acre, or I can get ten acres on the installment plan, paying down one hundred and fifty dollars, and fifty dollars a month for seven months following. The latter scheme appeals to me most. I can make enough, and considerably more than enough, Mr. Canard says, by acting as the Quietus representative of the Fandango Fruit Company—that sounds pretty dandy, eh! All I have to do is to offer the great coöperative installment scheme to the Quietus folks, and Mr. Canard will give me half of all I collect. I guess, if our neighbors are as enthusiastic as I am, that I can take in about fifty dollars a minute.

*Later.*—Mr. Fox called in and, for a consideration of one hundred and fifty dollars, gave me the papers for ten acres of Porto Rico land which will be mine in about seven months!

Let's see:

Ten acres with 10,000 pineapples to the acre equals 100,000 pineapples, and these at three cents apiece equal $3000 a crop; and three crops a year equal $9000 as a regular income.

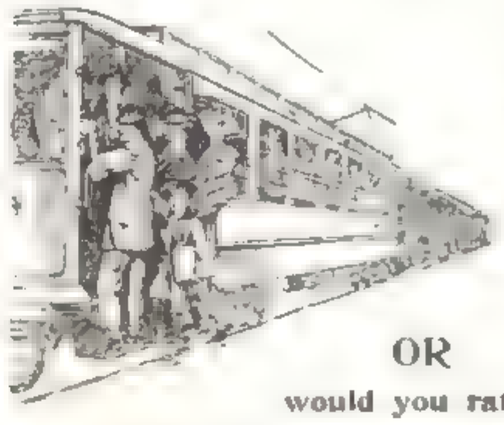
Nine thousand dollars per annum for the rest of mine! Say, Porto Rico wouldn't be such a miserable place for a wedding tour!

*Hoboken, December* 10.—I start home on the 10:20. Mr. Canard has given me a hundred pamphlets showing the wonders of Porto Rico. These, he says, will fascinate the Quietus folks the way they fascinated me. These pamphlets are handsomely bound in green and gold, and are called Easy Fruit.


# At Night

## When Your Work is Done—

or on Saturday afternoons and Sundays when you seek that relaxation which every worker *must have*, if he wants to stay in the fight—which would YOU rather do?



*—ride on a jolting, jerking street car, crowded and dirty, inhaling foul, germ-laden air, and either sitting in a cramped, uncomfortable position, or else standing on tired feet while you stretch for a strap?*

OR

**would you rather**

sit in the cushion saddle of your own swift motor machine—silent, powerful, smooth-running—your own hand on the throttle controlling the power that carries you on, your own fingers skillfully guiding your course, your eyes alert, your lungs expanding, your heart pumping live red blood into every vein, your whole being electrified with nerve-resting, brain clearing exhilaration?

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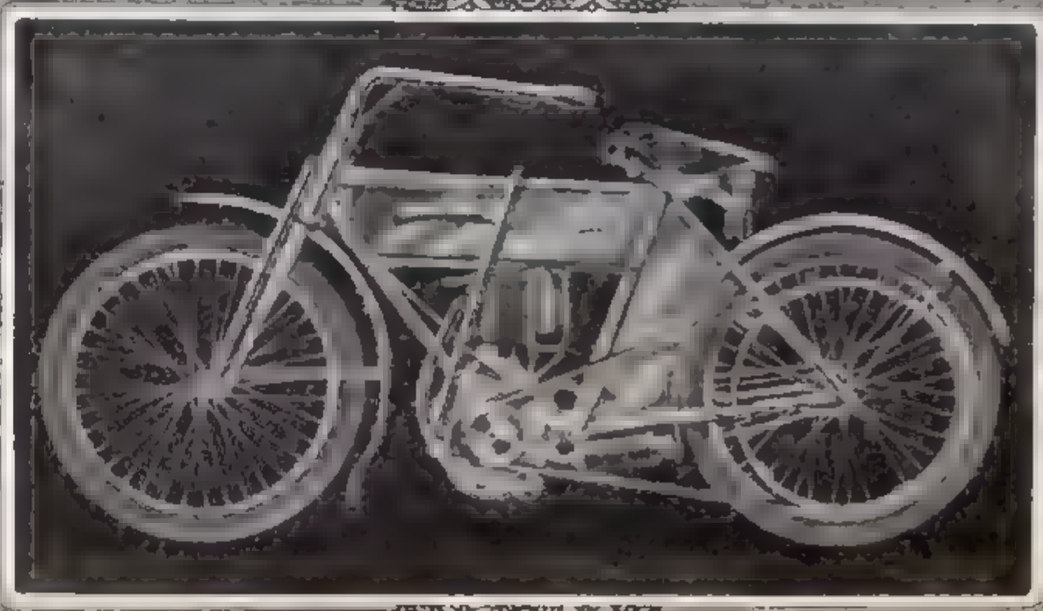

# LITERARY FOLK

## THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

### Mark Twain's Billiard Habit

MARK TWAIN has other diversions besides wearing white clothes and staying in bed nearly all day. He has taken violently to billiards. As is the case with most things connected with the genial old humorist, there is a story about his billiard habit.

Along in October of 1906, Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Clemens, dropped in to see the author one day, and remarked: "By the way, Mark, I have decided to give you a billiard table for a Christmas gift." He said nothing more about it.

The next day Mr. Clemens said to his secretary:

"That was mighty nice of Mr. Rogers to say that he was going to give me a billiard table for a Christmas gift. But I'd like to have it right away. Can't you drop a hint to that effect?"

The hint was discreetly dropped and, in a week, the billiard table was installed in the Clemens house on Fifth Avenue. The author gave up his best bedroom for it. He began to play billiards with much zest. Then came a number of distractions, including his trip to England. Since his return he has taken it up more enthusiastically than ever before. He now plays every afternoon and nearly every evening. His opponent is usually Albert Bigelow Paine, his official biographer and historian, who lives in the same house with him. But, unlike most Boswells, Paine does not allow himself to be beaten every time.

### The Cliff Dwellers

AFTER gravitating all over the Middle West and the near Far West for years, Hamlin Garland has settled down in Chicago, where he has bought a home on the South Side. Although he is associated in the popular mind with all the rigors of the camp and trail, he is perhaps the most restful of all the authors who have led the strenuous life. He has frozen in Alaska, baked in Arizona, got lost in the Rockies, and had various and sundry hair-raising adventures. Yet to see him in a room you would think that he was a school-teacher having a nice, quiet time.

One reason why Garland has been able to get along so well with the Western crowd is, that he has never gone out as a tenderfoot. When he goes camping or hunting he becomes a Westerner, wears a "hickory" shirt, old clothes, and talks "cattle." The result is that nobody ever thinks of "shooting him up." He can observe and not be observed.

Garland has some unusual methods of work. He writes only in the morning and he can always work better when the sun is shining. He has no Bohemian ideas about burning the midnight oil. He writes all his stories out by longhand and then has them copied by a stenographer. He reversed the usual order of things by discarding a typewriter himself as soon as they became widely popular.

Just now Mr. Garland is launching an enterprise full of artistic significance for the whole country, and especially for the Middle West. Largely at his instigation and through his efforts, The Cliff Dwellers of Chicago have come into being. It is a club fashioned after the plan of The Players of New York, in which there is to be comradeship and good-fellowship in the allied arts. In fact, it is the plan to make this club the literary clearing-house of the whole Middle West. The idea started with Edward MacDowell the composer. When his brilliant mind went into eclipse Garland took up the work and he has seen it through, with the result that the entire organization has been effected. Among those who have been interested in the movement and who are officers and directors or charter members are Hobart Chatfield Taylor, Lorado Taft, Ralph Clarkson, John T. McCutcheon, Irving K. Pond, Howard Shaw, Charles L. Hutchinson, Robert Herrick, Will Payne, George Ade, Robert M. Lovett and Clarence Dickinson. Mr. Garland is president.

The list of two hundred and fifty resident members is nearly filled. It includes artists, sculptors, architects, writers, landscape engineers, members of the arts and crafts generally, and a few laymen who are patrons of art.

The selection of a name for the club was a difficult one. In view of the fact that Chicago is the home (or claims to be the home) of the modern skyscraper, and because the dwellers in these high places were given the picturesque title of "cliff dwellers" by Henry B. Fuller in his novel of that name, it was finally decided to perpetuate that expression. In keeping with it, quarters have been secured in the top story of the Harvester Building, where, many stories above the ground, the members can really have high thoughts, and incidentally have a fine view of Lake Michigan. The clubrooms will be opened on February 1.

There will be a large non-resident membership, so as to include in the club all the men throughout the Middle West who are interested in the arts and who are doing things. The club will provide a congenial meeting-place, and thus be an uplifting force in the social and intellectual life of a large section of the country.

### The Gothamizing of Will Harben

WILL N. HARBEN has lived in New York for twenty years, yet if you met him on Fifth Avenue you would at once size him up as a Southerner. He looks like one of the gentlemen of the old school who had stepped out of the pages of Thomas Nelson Page or F. Hopkinson Smith. Those twenty years have not removed his Southern accent nor dimmed his old-time courtesy. But in all other things Mr. Harben is thoroughly Gothamized, even to the amazing extent that he now finds that he cannot write in any other place except in New York. He has tried in many other places, both in this country and abroad, but the words won't come.

Mr. Harben was born in a little Georgia town called Dalton. His father was a cotton planter. As a boy he had a large amount of imagination and a small capacity for work in school. Later, to cure him of this luxurious habit, the father set the son up in business as keeper of a general store. But the imagination and the desire to write won. Young Harben began to translate stories from the German. He sent them to an old colonel who ran a newspaper, and he printed them. They attracted attention, and soon Harben got to be known. Eastern magazines began to buy his stuff.

One day he met the old colonel who had published his first translations—free of charge, by the way. In his enthusiasm young Harben said:

"Colonel, I owe you a lot. You gave me my first chance."

The old colonel did not say anything. About a year later he looked up Harben. After the preliminary greetings he said:

"Harben, you told me last year that you owed me a lot, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Harben with feeling. "And I meant it."

"Well," said the colonel, "if that's the case, just give me $500 and call it square."

It was with great difficulty that Harben persuaded the colonel that the debt was purely emotional.

### Concerning James Branch Cabell

FOR wealth of foliage on his family tree young James Branch Cabell leads all the procession. On both maternal and paternal sides he is related to enough governors, statesmen and distinguished Virginians generally to make a complete "Who's Who?" Yet no American writer is, perhaps, so retiring as Cabell. He lives in a fine old mansion in Richmond, Virginia. He writes all night and sleeps nearly all day. He has the real midnight-oil habit.

When he was scarcely out of his teens he became a reporter on the New York Herald. Subsequently he worked on a Richmond paper. When his first book came out he was asked what his favorite form of exercise was, and he replied:

"I used to be a reporter. I got all the exercise I wanted then. Now I'm resting up."


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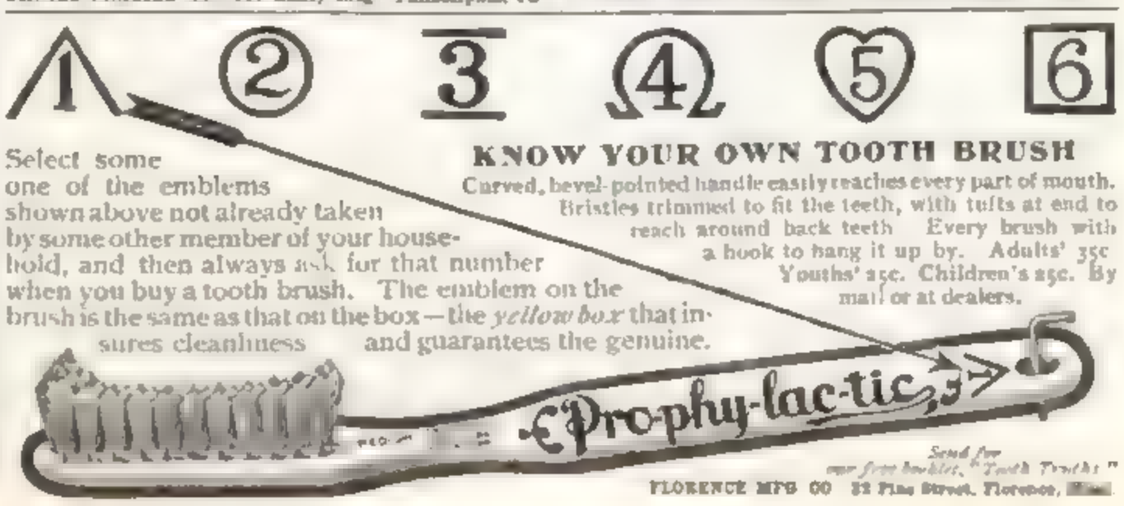


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# Sense and Nonsense

### The Life of the Party

*In attempting a summarization*
*Of the various species of lure,*
*One finds them a large aggregation*
*They total a million or more;*
*The fan who goes over the score*
*Till he proves that his side is the best*
*Is a man we prefer to ignore—*
*But the life of the party's a pest.*

*The lady who talks "operation"*
*The person insistent on war;*
*The man with a wealthy relation;*
*The damsel who "dotes on the shore";*
*The fiend who demands an encore—*
*All these we devoutly detest*
*All these we despise and deplore—*
*But the life of the party's a pest.*

*His ego has no limitation,*
*He always possesses the floor,*
*Cutting up is his only vocation*
*Like "when is a door not a door?"*
*The tales you have heard o'er and o'er*
*He tells with unquenchable zest.*
*He "simply sets folks in a roar"—*
*But—the life of the party's a pest.*

*L'Envoi*

*And hence this petition: O lor'!*
*Please give us a much-needed rest!*
*The measles and mumps we abhor,*
*But the life of the party's a pest.*

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

### True Democracy

NOT long ago a Pittsburg multi-millionaire gave a big reception. He invited a great number of the city's socially elect; but finding, at the last moment, that only a few of these would be present, he followed a Biblical example and went out with cards into the highways and by-ways of his business acquaintance, finally filling his house to overflowing.

Later in the evening he met, in the hall, a friend of his youth whom he had asked to impress upon him the full sense of the difference in their estates which the years had so unmistakably wrought.

"Yes," said the host, "this is a fine gathering, ain't it? Representatives of every class of society here. I'm a broadgauge fellow. I believe in true democracy, I do."

"Indeed?" replied the friend. "And, by the way, where's your father?"

The liberal-minded multi-millionaire hesitated. "Well," he at last confessed, "father's up in the nursery entertaining the children. I—I was afraid he wouldn't mix well. The fact is, father's not just what you'd call *au fait* with Society."

### A Valid Excuse

IT IS a familiar belief among all grown-ups that the youngsters are developing faster than did those of the preceding generation, and there is at least one school-teacher in New York who believes that this is no fancy of the adult mind. One of this teacher's most precocious young girls, a little lass not a day over twelve years old, was late for the third time in a week.

"Flossie," said the school-teacher severely, "I told you yesterday never to be late again."

"I know you did, Miss Smith," replied the twelve-year-old without a sign of embarrassment, "but yesterday I simply had to have my hair marceled, and to-day I was kept waiting half an hour before I was waited on at the manicurist's."

### In Command

BE ASSURED that even among book-agents there are men with a sense of humor. One such, in fact, travels for a New York subscription-house, and his return home is always marked by an evening with his friends, devoted to a narrative of his experiences on the road, not all of which, perhaps, are authentic, but none of which, at any rate, is dull.

"Just before Christmas," he said, in telling of his latest adventures, "I happened to be doing my usual house-to-house stunt in a small Pennsylvania town. As a rule, of course, my ring at the door-bell was answered by the wife and mother, and it was, therefore, to a feminine appreciation that I had framed up my little speech. But in this town, in a quiet quarter, the door of a neat two-story dwelling was opened to me by a man. He was sad-faced and tired-eyed, but there was a general expression of comfort and satisfaction struggling to the surface, as if awakening in him after years of repression and enforced humility.

"'Are you—er—the mistress—I mean the master of this house?' I began, stammering a bit at being received by a man.

"He nodded proudly. 'Yes,' he answered with a broad Pennsylvania-German accent, 'I'm the boss now; my wife, she's been dead two months.'"

### Never Again for Olcott

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, the Irish comedian, who is proud of the fact that he was born in Buffalo of a Yankee father, has decided to give up replying favorably to requests for autographs.

"My real name," he said recently, "is Chancellor Olcott, and though I've used Chauncey for a good many years now, it even yet comes hard sometimes to write it. When I'm signing a pass, for instance, I always omit the Christian name altogether and write only Olcott. Well, you know, I'm fond of youngsters, and I get a good many requests for autographs. That explains what I'm going to tell you.

"The other day a little shaver came around to the stage-door as I was going out after the matinée performance and asked me for my auto. No, not my motor—my autograph. He was a pretty, innocent-faced child, and so I wrote it for him on the blank sheet of paper he gave me: 'Chauncey Olcott'—like that.

"I thought no more of the matter till that evening. Then, during the performance, in comes my manager.

"'Look here,' he says, 'since when have you changed your signature for pass-slips?'

"'I haven't changed it,' I answered.

"'Then, how about this?' he demanded.

"And he produced that sheet of paper I had signed. Just above my signature that innocent, flattering little shaver of the afternoon had written:

"'Pass two.'

"And he had told me that he wanted to take it home to his dear old Irish mother!"

### What Fishes Learn

*The things they learn in schools of fish are*
*taught without a fee;*
*The little fish learn first to swim the un-*
*known A B C.*
*And then they take up cooking next, and*
*even smallest fry*
*Can put up jelly-fish preserves or make crus-*
*taceous pie.*

*Now all the fish both great and small do*
*practice well their scales;*
*A fiddler-crab gives lessons to all sizes up to*
*whales.*
*The sword-fish learns to fence, but penman-*
*ship some wish for more,*
*And so they learn it from a mighty penguin*
*on the shore.*

*The globe-fish takes geography, the star-fish*
*learns astronomy;*
*A large torpedo class is taught political*
*economy;*
*The class in botany collects rare sea-anemones,*
*And gardeners root out seaweeds and trim the*
*coral trees.*

*Electricity is taught by one old, wise electric*
*eel*
*Who has a class in tides and all the currents*
*fish can feel.*
*In geometry, the corollaries every polyp knows;*
*The fish can bisect angle-worms while stupid*
*people doze.*

*The saw-fish teaches carpentry and builds*
*without a fuss,*
*A simple barnacle or grander chambered*
*nautilus.*
*These things they learn in schools of fish; but*
*wonderful to me*
*Is how they teach so very much with never*
*any fee.*

—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade.*

# The Baby's Picture

It makes no difference how often baby goes to the photographer—and for the sake of admiring relatives his visits should be frequent—the record of his infant days is incomplete unless there are home pictures to supplement the more formal studio photographs. Mother or father or sister can readily make a series of pictures of the little ones that will grow more precious year by year. Picture taking is easy now and inexpensive too, the Kodak has made it so.

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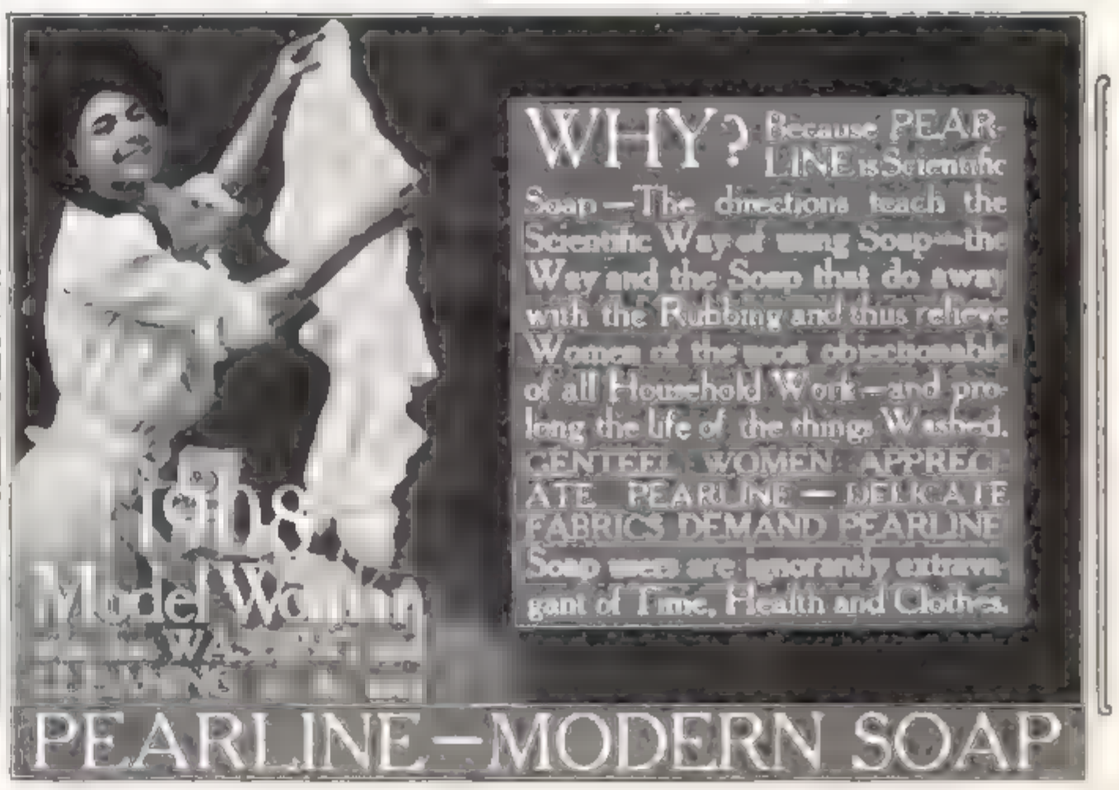
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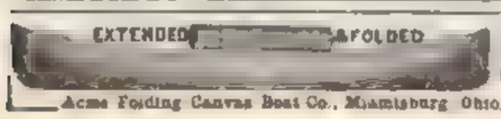


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# YOUR SAVINGS

## The Operation of Foreign Exchange

A REPORTER for a New York newspaper once went down to Wall Street to interview an old banker about foreign exchange. After fifteen minutes of questioning he left, saying:

"Thank you very much. I understand it perfectly."

The banker looked a moment at the retreating figure. Then he said:

"That must be a remarkably bright young man. I have been dealing in foreign exchange for forty years, and I can't say that I know all about it."

This remark is typical of the general feeling about foreign exchange, which comprises one of the widely known, and at the same time least known, adjuncts of modern banking. While the fundamental principles of it are simple they become very complicated when you apply them to their field of operations, which practically embraces the whole world. Experts in foreign exchange are in great demand by international bankers.

In the first place, all business is in the form of trading of some kind. In the old times articles were exchanged for articles and animals for animals. Then money became a medium of exchange and a symbol of value. People kept on trading. At first the trading was between the people of the same community; then between the people of the same country. This was comparatively easy. But the world of trade expanded and the peoples of different countries began to do business with one another. It was difficult to transport large sums of money from land to land. Some substitute had to be created which would save both time and money. This substitute or system is what is known as foreign exchange.

Stripped of all misleading technicalities, foreign exchange is simply an exchange of credits instead of an exchange of actual money. Foreign exchange may be in the form of a "cable," a sight draft payable on demand, or it may be a time draft payable in sixty or ninety days.

This exchange would be a very simple matter indeed if every nation used the same kind of money. But it happens that every country has its own coins, or measures of monetary value, as, for example, the dollar of the United States, the pound sterling of England, the franc of France, the mark of Germany, the rouble of Russia, the guilder of Holland and the peseta of Spain. To adjust the financial transactions between the peoples of the various countries and the countries themselves it is necessary to take all these different kinds of money and their values into consideration, and it is this fact that helps so much to complicate the business of foreign exchange. A debt by an American in England must be settled in terms of pounds, while a debt by an Englishman in America must be settled in terms of dollars.

To simplify the conduct of foreign exchange, gold is recognized as the basis of settlement. It is also the basis of the monetary systems of England and the United States. This is one reason why you read so much about gold shipments from one country to the other.

### How Foreign Exchange Works

To illustrate the working of foreign exchange take a concrete example. Suppose that a firm in Dallas, Texas, sells a quantity of cottonseed meal to a manufacturer in Hamburg, Germany. The bill amounts to $2760 in American money, or, reckoning the par value of the mark as 23.8 cents, 11,597 marks in German money. If there were no system of foreign exchange the German firm would have to procure American money in notes or gold from an international banker in Hamburg and ship it by express to Dallas. This would be long, burdensome and expensive.

But by means of foreign exchange the whole transaction is simplified. The Dallas firm makes a sight draft on the Hamburg firm for 11,597 marks. This draft is a bill of exchange. Attached to the draft are the bills of lading, the invoice and the marine insurance policy. These attached documents bear the same relation to the draft that collateral bears to a note for a loan. In other words, they comprise the security behind it. The documents are not surrendered by the bank or bankers' agent until the draft is paid.

The Dallas firm then sells the bill of exchange to a New York bank which deals in foreign exchange. There is a rate on exchange, like that on any other commodity. It fluctuates, because it is regulated by the law of demand and supply. When the demand is large the rate goes up, and when the demand decreases the rate goes down. If Berlin exchange were below par the New York banks might pay 94¼ for the Dallas draft. This means that every four marks in the exchange would cost 94¼ cents. If exchange were at par on that particular day the rate would be 95.2 cents for each four marks.

It is the bank's business now to dispose of this exchange as profitably as possible—that is, for more than 94¼. It sends the bill over to its correspondent at Hamburg, to whom the firm which bought the cottonseed meal must pay the amount of the draft before getting possession of the documents attached. Thus there is money over in Hamburg to the credit of the New York bank. Against its Hamburg credit, the New York bank now proceeds to sell exchange.

This is the way of it: A wholesale jeweler in Maiden Lane owes a Hamburg manufacturer a bill. He does not want to send the actual marks. He goes to the New York bank and buys exchange, in the shape of credit, in terms of marks, on Hamburg. The actual money to pay it is already in Hamburg; so, when this exchange draft comes over, the Hamburg manufacturer can collect. Thus two accounts have been settled without the sending of money across the water. The Maiden Lane jeweler is charged, for example, 94¾ for his exchange, which gives the New York banker a profit of one-fourth of a cent on each four marks. And so with English, or French, or Russian, or Belgian, or other transactions.

### The Balance of Trade

There is now a regular foreign exchange market in New York, and many people make a specialty of brokerage in it. Exchange is negotiable like merchandise. The big banks that deal in foreign exchange give these brokers pieces of exchange to dispose of at the highest price. Often a bank needs exchange in a certain place and pays well for it. If there is no exchange to be had in the place the bank must ship gold.

Frequently there is a balance because all the exchange does not even up. The credit may exceed the debit, and vice versa. This difference is called the balance of trade. It may exist between nations, firms or individuals. It is always paid in gold. When the exports of the United States exceed its imports there is a balance of trade in its favor, and it is a creditor nation, because money is due it. This statement, however, should be modified, for another factor in the situation is the interest money which a country pays to the foreign holders of its national bonds or to investors in its large non-government enterprises. A debtor nation is one that owes more money than is owing to it. Debts between nations are settled like debts between individuals in different countries, and in gold. Germany may pay France with credit that it might, at the moment, happen to have in England.

Thus, by means of foreign exchange, an international clearing-house is established. There is much foreign exchange. We ship vast quantities of corn, wheat and cotton and sell our securities abroad, and we are constantly buying foreign wines, cloths and articles of merchandise. There is much traveling back and forth, too, and this, on account of letters of credit, is a big item of international banking. When the United States owes a lot of money abroad there is a big demand here for bills of exchange, and they go up. It is sometimes cheaper to ship gold than to pay high exchange rates.

You will recall that, at various times, in the effort to explain foreign exchange, there has been reference to the gold shipment. Gold plays a very important part


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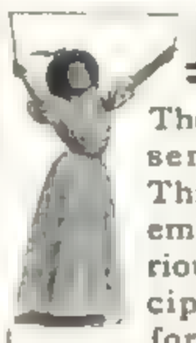

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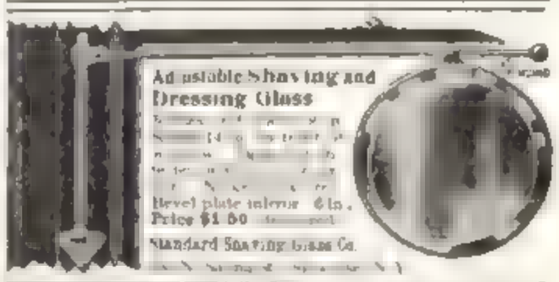


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in the world's business affairs, and especially banking. There are two occasions for the movement of gold between countries. One is to settle the balance of trade. The other is simply that the great money centres keep in constant touch with one another. Money naturally seeks the point where it can earn the most money. So with gold. When money rates go up, the rates for foreign exchange go down.

Gold is sometimes rushed to this country in times of financial depression. Last October, when Wall Street was in panic, every vessel that came over for weeks was a treasure ship. This golden flood which poured into the United States not only relieved the stringency, but it aided credit. For every gold dollar that reached our shores there was at least four dollars of credit created.

Closely allied with gold, as well as with the whole international monetary situation, is what is called the Bank of England rate. This is the minimum rate of discount fixed by the great Bank of England, which is the heart of the international financial world. This ruling fixes the rate of interest allowed by the London banks on deposits, this interest being usually at the rate of about one and one-half per cent. less than the Bank of England rate of discount. This rate is a barometer of the world's business. When it is up it means that business is not so good. It is sometimes put up to stop the exportation of gold from England, which was done during the American crisis last October, when it went up to seven per cent. Recently it went back to six per cent. The rate, by the way, is fixed every Thursday at noon by the directors.

This, naturally, brings us to the basis of gold settlement between the United States and England, which is the English pound sterling. Its value is not so much the government stamp on it, but the actual amount of gold in it. The English pound, or sovereign, contains $4.8666+ in gold—that is, the gold in it is worth just that much the world over. This is the par of exchange. In shipping gold there are many expenses, such as cost of carriage and insurance, which make the cost of it higher. For this reason, as well as because of the existing condition of the money market, you see the English pound sterling quoted at various prices. For instance, you may see in the financial news: "Sterling with demand quoted at $4.8475." This means that there has been little demand for sterling exchange, and that it is below the par.

Frequently, too, there are references to "cables," and you see the phrase: "Cables at $4.86." By "cables" is meant simply the ordering and obtaining of gold by cable. If gold is shipped through the ordinary channels it usually takes ten days. Sometimes business men must have it in a hurry, so it is cabled. The borrower or user must pay a higher rate, which includes cable charges and the interest for ten days. This is sometimes called cable transfer. In New York you can get a cable transfer on London, and *vice versa*.

Not all exchange is between foreign countries. There is also exchange between the cities of the same country, such as the domestic exchange of the United States. This results from the fact that merchants and people in one part of the country want to pay money to merchants and people in other parts of the country. They could send the actual money, and sometimes it is done by banks by way of express. But, instead of shipping the money and using checks on which they have to pay collection charges, they use exchange on New York. Nearly all the big cities have exchange, but New York is a sort of standard American exchange, because it is the money centre.

New York exchange is simply a check or draft on a New York bank. It has a rate just like foreign exchange. When there is a big demand for New York exchange at Chicago there is a premium on it; when there is little demand for it there is a discount on it. Or it may be at par. This is why you see in the newspapers: "Exchange on New York was quoted: at Boston fifty cents discount; at St. Louis one dollar premium," etc. In these quotations the premium or discount is per $1000. To obtain New York exchange you are required to pay a rate which varies with different banks.

All this elaborate, and sometimes costly, system of domestic exchanges and charges for collection would be eliminated if the United States had a central bank, such as Germany has, for example, in her Imperial Reichsbank. The Reichsbank has branches in every important city in the Empire. A feature of this bank which could be used to great advantage in the United States is the free transfer of money from city to city.

By this system a merchant in Berlin can transfer a sum of money to a merchant in Dresden in a very simple way. He deposits with the Reichsbank in Berlin the amount he wants transferred. The bank gives him a receipt and then notifies the Dresden merchant by mail that its branch at Dresden has the money to his credit. It is a matter of bookkeeping. If the transfer is made by telegraph the remitter is charged with the telegraph tolls.

There is a growing sentiment for a central bank in the United States, and a movement for its establishment is already under way.

# SOCIAL VENEER

*(Continued from Page 5)*

Said a charming and cultivated woman who used to teach in a finishing school and who now teaches in a high school in a poor district of a big city: "I left my finishing school because I wanted some genuine material to work with. Rich girls rarely see life directly or clearly; they are rarely furnished with a proper attitude toward human beings outside their own set. My schoolgirls giggle and talk about Him, and how perfectly lovely it is to really love so much that life means nothing after. But there isn't one of them that hasn't a serious side and a certain amount of common-sense. If a mouse came into the room some would scream, but more would try to get it out. If an artery were cut some would faint, but more would twist a bandage about the arm. There is not one of them that can't wash and dress a baby brother or cook a dinner or write a receipt or bill. The finishing-school girls, when they do not talk of Him, talk of their older sister's coming-out party and how much the favors cost. I may have to ask my little millgirls not to chew gum, but I can teach them something out of books, and they know what I mean when I talk to them of their duty to their neighbors and country. I do my little best to begin them, and their life will do the rest. I'd rather try my hand at this work, sordid surroundings and all, than at finishing the other type of girl or watching her when she is finished, which is worse.

"When she is finished she may be anything, from merely self-assertive to simply shocking. She may be the type that smokes cigarettes and calls men by their surnames, or she may be merely a young empress who expects the world to bow to her and offers it in turn a self-satisfied face and a polished manner (except when unduly excited), who has never learned the old-fashioned definition of girlhood, self-effacement, gentleness and consideration for others. Her equipment is usually ability to chatter superficially about current topics and about people, a memory for who's who in America, and the power, perhaps, to conceive an elaborate entertainment; but she has no real information, no real resources, no real power to estimate the workings of the world outside her social environment, no skill to get beyond the conventional barriers that keep her in her place. The worst indictment against the system that has achieved her is that she is ignorant of anything that would fit her to be a proper wife or mother. She knows nothing useful. She cannot cook, she cannot market, she does not know what economy or management means. At school she may have had to deposit her money in the school bank, but she was not taught to plan her expenditures. Her brother has been taught to manage his business with as keen economy as the wife of a nine-dollar-a-week clerk manages her household, but Miss Rich leaves her establishment to a housekeeper, or, if she has not money enough for that, practically in the hands of half a dozen wasteful servants."

While the finishing schools may always be noxious weeds in our American fields,


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there is growing up a type of school where real education does take place. These schools are usually set in the country. They prepare girls for college, and will not admit a girl who will not take the required work. They insist on a good deal of open-air exercise, both in summer and in winter; on simple clothes, and, as far as it can be achieved in our country, on absolute democracy. The ideals are genuine—not set up for show in the circular and to quiet the American conscience, which somehow feels that, if it does not believe in democracy, it must act as if it did. And these ideals are maintained by means of a strong personality at the head.

The principals are women of distinction in the best sense of the word: Americans who are wise mothers and good teachers, who choose as assistants other personalities of distinction. Such a principal takes a personal interest in every girl, herself coaches the backward ones and cares for the morally defective. The system may fail here and there; the culture of simplicity—thanks to our complex life—may lack something of spontaneity; but, at least, the product so far seems to be sensible, thinking American girls, taught to make themselves useful.

This new type of school, like so many other new and good things, is a reversion to an old type. What the mothers of the Republic learned, either from inherited breeding or from the stern needs of the times, the most enlightened consciences of to-day are trying to teach young girls by precept and example. If, in our present plutocracy, it is difficult and rare to keep the democratic ideals, the more honor to those few schools where a real personality is found shaping the young womanhood of America to the old ideal of the real American gentlewoman.

# MEN WHO GET CAUGHT

*(Concluded from Page 7)*

Cambridge"—the nemesis of Bott and of Flechter was found by Flechter himself, as he claimed, on August 17, 1900. The amazing discovery occurred in this wise. A violin maker named Joseph Farr, who at one time had worked for Flechter and had testified in his behalf at the trial (to the effect that the instrument produced in the police court was *not* Bott's Stradivarius), saw by chance a very fine violin in the possession of a family named Springer in Brooklyn, and notified Flechter of the fact. The latter, who was always ready to purchase choice violins, after vainly trying for a long time to induce the Springers to bring it to New York, called with Farr upon Mrs. Springer and asked to examine it. To his utter astonishment she produced for his inspection Bott's long-lost Stradivarius. Hardly able to control his excitement he immediately returned to New York and reported the discovery to the police, who instantly began a thorough examination of the circumstances surrounding its discovery.

The District Attorney's office and the Detective Bureau were at first highly suspicious of this opportune discovery on the part of a convicted felon of the precise evidence necessary to clear him, but it was soon demonstrated to their pretty general satisfaction that the famous Stradivarius had in fact been pawned in the shop of one Benjamin Fox on the very day and within an hour of the theft, together with its case and two bows, for the insignificant sum of four dollars. After the legal period of redemption had expired it had been put up at auction and bid in by the pawnbroker for a small advance on the sum for which it had been pawned. It lay exposed for purchase on Fox's shelf for some months, until, in December, 1895, a tailor named James Dooly visited the shop to redeem a silver watch. Being at the same time in funds and able to satisfy his taste as a virtuoso, he felt the need of and bought a violin for ten dollars, but, Fox urging upon him the desirability of getting a good one while he was about it, was finally persuaded to purchase the Bott violin for twenty dollars in its stead. Dooly took it home, played upon it as the spirit moved, and whenever in need of ready money brought it back to Fox as security, always redeeming it in time to prevent its sale. One day, being at Mrs. Springer's, where he was accustomed to purchase tailor trimmings, he offered it to her for sale, and, as her son was taking violin lessons, induced her to buy it for thirty dollars. And in the house of the Springers it had quietly remained ever since, while lawyers and prosecutors wrangled and thundered and witnesses swore positively to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to prove that Flechter stole the violin and tried to sell it to Durden.

On these facts, which did not seem to admit of contradiction, Recorder Goff ordered an oral examination of all the witnesses, the hearing of which, sandwiched in between the current trials in his court, dragged along for months, but which finally resulted in establishing to the Court's satisfaction that the violin discovered in the possession of the Springers was the genuine "Duke of Cambridge," and that it could not have been in Flechter's possession at the time he was arrested.

On July 7, 1902, eight years after Bott's death and the arrest and indictment of Flechter for the theft of the violin, a picturesque group assembled in the General Sessions. There was Flechter and his lawyer, Mrs. Springer and her son, the attorneys for the prosecution, and lastly old Mrs. Bott. The seals of the case were broken and the violin identified by the widow as belonging to her husband. The Springers waived all claim to the violin, and the Court dismissed the indictment against the defendant and ordered the Stradivarius to be delivered to Mrs. Bott, with these words:

"Mrs. Bott, it affords very great pleasure to the Court to give the violin to you. You have suffered many years of sorrow and trouble in regard to it."

"Eight years," sighed the old lady, clasping the violin in her arms.

"I wish you a great deal of pleasure in its possession," continued the Recorder.

Thus ended as matter of record the case of The People against Flechter. For eight years the violin dealer and his family had endured the agony of disgrace, he had spent a fortune in his defense, and had nevertheless been convicted of a crime of which he was at last proved innocent.

# SELLING A PATENT

*(Continued from Page 15)*

stringing down over his forehead, and his face was of a ghastly pallor. In Wallingford's parlor, however, he drew himself together for a moment and thought that he was doing it with great shrewdness.

"Look yere, ole man," he stammered, trying to focus his gaze upon his watch; "this 's mornin' now, an' it's all off. Tha' sale's at ten o'clock an' we godda be there."

"We'll be there all right," said Wallingford. "What we need's a little nap. There are two bedrooms here. We'll leave a call for nine o'clock. Three hours of sleep will do us more good than anything else."

"Aw ri'," said Maylie, and winked laboriously to himself as an absurdly shrewd idea came to him that he would let Wallingford get to sleep first, and would then change the call to his own room. He would answer that call, take a hasty plunge, dress and walk out, leaving Wallingford to sleep on for a week!

Wallingford, in the dining-room, sought for the thing he had ordered left there: one more bottle, packed tightly in its ice, and this he now opened. Into Maylie's glass he poured two or three drops of a colorless liquid from a little vial he carried, filled it with wine and set it before him. Maylie pushed it away.

"Do' wan' any more wine," he protested.

"Sure you do. A nightcap with your dear old pal?" Wallingford persisted, and clinked glasses with him.

Maylie obeyed that clink as he would not have obeyed any verbal urging. He reached for the glass of champagne and drank half of it, then collapsed in his chair.


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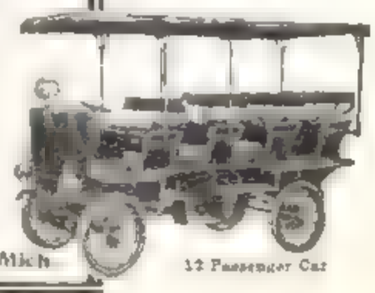
32 Passenger Car

Wallingford sat opposite to him and watched him as intently as a cat watches a mouse-hole, sipping at his own wine quietly from time to time. His capacity was a byword among his friends. Maylie's hand slipped from his chair and hung straight down, the other one curling awkwardly upon his lap. His head drooped and he began to snore. He was good for an all-day sleep. Only a doctor could arouse him from it.

Wallingford still waited. By and by he lifted up the hanging hand and dropped it roughly. Maylie made not the slightest motion. Wallingford stood above him and looked down in smiling contempt; and the ghastly blending of the artificial light with the morning, where it struggled bluely in around the edges of the blinds, touched the smile into a snarl. Suddenly he stooped to the limp figure in the chair and picked it up bodily in his arms, and, staggering slightly under the burden, carried the insensate lump to the far sleeping apartment and laid it upon the bed. He loosened the man's collar and took off his shoes, then, as calmly and unconcernedly as he might read a newspaper, he went through Mr. Maylie's clothing.

Nothing worth mentioning in the outside coat pockets; nothing in the inside coat pockets; in the inside vest pocket a few yellow papers!

He did not even stop at the window of this dim room to make sure of what he held. He was sure without looking. Into the parlor and to an easy chair he took them and opened them with grim satisfaction.

They were telegrams, all from the United Cash Register Company of New Jersey, and they told an absorbingly interesting story. There were four, and in the order of their receipt they read thus:

> We already informed our Mr. Bowman will report to you in time for sale
>
> Since you think Bowman's presence might hurt negotiations he will not come look to you to bid us in at lowest possible figure
>
> As high as one hundred and fifty thousand if bidding goes above that wire for further instructions
>
> Yes keep all under fifty thousand for your fee

Business! All pure business! The United Cash Register Company of New Jersey was being held up, and it was business for them to see that they were mulcted as little as possible. Wallingford rather admired them for it. Since the property was at open sale they had as much right to buy it as he. He read these telegrams over and over.

He had foreseen them. Moreover, he had read not only Maylie's intention, but his plan and every detail of it, and for him he felt no admiration whatever. Maylie was too clumsy.

There was a small serving-table in the dining-room, and Wallingford carried that in to the sleeper's bedside. Upon this he spread the four telegrams in neat order, and weighted them down with *empty glasses* for Mr. Maylie's profound study if he should happen to awaken. Next he drew his favorite chair into that room, and to the opposite end of the serving-table. He put upon this the champagne bottle and his own glass, and lighting a big and extremely black cigar he sat down to watch his erstwhile comrade, for he was taking no chances.

Whenever he felt himself nodding or letting that cigar lax in his fingers he took a tiny sip of the champagne. Sometimes he went in and held his head under the cold-water faucet.

At the end of the first hour sleep threatened to overcome him, in spite of all that he could do, and going into the bathroom he undressed and took a cold shower. That refreshed him exceedingly, and the feel of cool, clean linen upon him brightened him still more, for in his personal habits he was clean as a cat. It crossed his mind once or twice to send down and get newspapers, but he knew that the least strain upon his eyes would send him to sleep quicker than anything else. The second hour passed; the third, then the fourth one dragged wearily by.

At the beginning of the fifth he began to stumble as he walked from room to room to keep awake, but never for more than five minutes at a time did he let that sleeping man out of his sight.

It seemed an eternity until the telephone bell rang in the parlor with startling insistence. With a glance of triumph toward the bed, he hurried in to answer the 'phone.

"Yes, this is Wallingford," he answered huskily. "How about it? . . . Good. How much? . . . What? All right, come straight up."

He stood scratching his head and trying to think for a few minutes, trying to recall a certain number that he had in mind. Then he turned to the telephone-book and fumbled through its leaves, backward and forward. His thumbs and fingers were like clubs. They had no feeling whatever. It took him whole minutes to separate two leaves from each other, swaying upon his feet and muttering to himself, but finally he found the name he wanted and put in the call.

Slowly and with tremendous effort he delivered his message, then slapped the receiver on the hook and staggered back to his chair. His fight against sleep for the next ten relaxed minutes was like a drowning man's fight for life, but he conquered, and when, a few moments later, there came a knock at his door, he was able to open it briskly.

"Heavings hee-elp us!" exclaimed Blackie Daw when he came in. "What a bat you've been on! Have you looked at yourself, J. Rufus?" and kicking the door shut he walked his friend up in front of the mantel mirror.

Wallingford focused his attention upon his own puffed face, on the swelled and reddened eyelids, on the bloodshot eyes, and laughed hoarsely.

"It's worth it," he declared. "I win over one hundred and fifty thousand clean, cold simoleans. But how did you come to have to pay eight thousand for the patents?"

"Klug," replied Blackie. "I thought for a minute he'd top my pile. He raised a little money some place, but he spent part of it bidding in some machinery. It never flashed on him that the patents would have to be sold, too, and he nearly took a fit when he found it out. Game, though. He bid 'em up to his last cent. We had been going in five-hundred-dollar raises until it got up to six thousand. That was Mr. Klug's last bid, for I piled two thousand square on top of it and tried to look like I could go two thousand at a jump for the next two hours, and then Klug laid down."

"Eight thousand and four thousand. That's twelve thousand, and the bank's note is ten," figured Wallingford with painful slowness. "The costs will run about two hundred, and that lets the company have eighteen hundred dollars to divide among the partners. Why, say, Blackie, I get one-twelfth of that! There's about a hundred and fifty dollars coming to me. Suppose we go over and get it."

He laughed, but even as he did so he swayed and caught at a chair, and his eyelids drooped.

"I've got to keep up now until we get into a Pullman. Sleep? I'll sleep all the way to New Jersey. Did you arrange to pay for the patents?"

"Did I?" triumphed Mr. Daw. "Trust your uncle for that. Say, J. Rufus, what'll you give me to transfer them over to you?"

Wallingford turned to his friend a countenance that was almost ferocious in its sudden alertness.

"I'll give you twenty minutes to do it in," he said with a growl. "There's a lawyer on the way here now, and I can have a policeman here in two minutes. You know you jumped bail in this town, don't you?"

Mr. Daw was shocked.

"There's no need for you to be so ugly about it, J. Rufus," he protested. "I wouldn't take a cent away from you."

"Wouldn't you!" sneered J. Rufus. "Do you know why? I'd never give you a chance. Let me show you the last man that tried to do me up," and he led the way into the apartment where Mr. Maylie still lay in profound slumber.

Mr. Daw grinned.

"He makes you look perfectly sober," he confessed; "but what are those papers on the table?"

Mr. Wallingford laughed quite naturally this time.

"Poor booby!" he said. "He just lost forty thousand, and those telegrams are his fee."

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Chester's series of Get-Rich-Quick stories. The fourth installment will appear in an early issue.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. CAPITAL & SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS. THE CITY OF BANKS.

# THE COST OF LIVING

(Concluded from Page 13)

the big banks. The volume of banking business has increased enormously while the number of important downtown banks has increased slightly. So, if you find a clerk that is not getting substantially bigger wages than he got ten years ago, either there is something wrong with him or his bank is the exceptional one that hasn't given its men a decent show.

"This bank, and most others, gives two weeks' vacation with pay. You might figure that as a deficit, for the vacation costs more than the pay. But the men don't regard it so. If a clerk is laid up by an ordinary spell of sickness, he not only keeps his job, but his salary runs right along. In this bank, and in some others, if he gets into trouble that isn't due to his own foolishness, he has somebody to stand by him. All those things count for a poor man. As I look at it you can't stack up a bank clerk's pay against the wages of a union stonemason and draw a hard-and-fast conclusion from the figures.

"Here, for example: The First National has a pension scheme that is worth while. When the scheme was proposed every man in the bank but one joined the fund, and now the new men have to join it. The clerk is assessed for the fund three per cent. of his salary, and the bank makes a contribution to the fund which, so far, has amounted to about as much as the clerks have paid in. Take my case. I have paid a little less than $400 into the fund, and, if I should be disabled to-morrow, I would draw $600 a year for fifteen years. You can't express that in dollars and cents; but it counts. I got married a little before the free silver disturbance of 1896, when things looked so blue. The thousand-dollar rule wasn't in force then. I used to scare myself stiff thinking what would happen if I lost my job or if anything hit me so that I couldn't work. Here we are in another disturbance; but I know perfectly well I'm not going to lose my job if I behave myself, and if anything happens to me I've got a cinch on an actual living for fifteen years to come. Beefsteak is higher, but I can get more sleep for the same money than I did ten years ago."

This, I should add, is not the universal view among bank clerks. Naturally, the higher one gets the slower promotions are in coming. The clerk who was a head bookkeeper at $1200 ten years ago and is receiving teller now at $1600 thought there was very little in prosperity unless one had an "industrial" to promote. He pointed to food, coal, rent. Ten years ago he had a good stove-heated flat at $18 a month. Now he has an eight-room house in Rogers' Park at $40. That is 125 per cent. advance.

Nevertheless, that stove-heated flat probably rents for little more now than in 1897. No other factor, however, is more intricate than this one of rent. In a good many localities, which have not appreciably changed in character, rents have not advanced at all. Figures taken directly from the books of renting agencies show scores of flats and small dwellings, which have been kept up in modern condition, that rent for no more now than in 1897. You can, indeed, pick out many instances where the flat or dwelling, without having materially deteriorated, rents for rather less than ten years ago. And you can find many advances.

Like the women's coats, it seems to be mostly a matter of style. Chicago people are notably migratory. During the last days of April and the first days of May you can look down scarcely any street without beholding a mighty van, reminiscent of the village circus parade, making its ponderous way, with a brass bed strapped on behind and the dining-room table on top pointing rigid legs of protest to the unheeding sky. This May moving is a substitute for travel. It appeals to the human instincts for adventure. One may have an entirely different habitation in an entirely different neighborhood; and there is always the chance of discovering a flat, at the same price, with an extra bedroom.

A widely disseminated impulse sends the spring horde in one direction rather than another. That locality looks up, rents advance—just as you have to pay twice as much for the wrap that is in the latest fashion as for an equally good and comely garment in the style of winter before last.

You will be shown apartment buildings, creations of the last three or four prosperous years, where the flats rent at two to three thousand a year. But, after all, the number is positively small. There is nothing in Chicago that can fairly be compared with the solid miles of recent and very high-priced apartments in New York.

"Rents have fallen," said a young lawyer in modest practice. "Four years ago I paid $65 a month for eight stuffy rooms in Hyde Park. If my little girl wanted to play she had to go out in the street and be run over by a fire engine, or else use the hall, to the stony indignation of the janitor. Now I pay $45 a month for an eight-room house in Hinsdale. A plot of ground two hundred by three hundred feet goes with it. There are real trees and grass. We get cream and milk from a farmer. We can tell the difference between the cream and the milk otherwise than by the price, which we never could do when we lived in town. A fine old German woman brings us butter in a brown crock with a wet cloth over it. It's all nonsense to say you can get that kind of butter in a pasteboard box at a grocery. When I lived in town I was often restless. Sometimes I went over to the club of evenings. Sometimes, just because we were nervous, we jolted five miles downtown to the theatre and back. Now, very often, after I've read a while I take a walk. Everybody has gone to bed. Almost every house is dark. The streets are empty. In five minutes I am out of town. Nothing within sight or hearing seems ever to have been aware of a trolley car or a lawsuit or a stock market. Living is quite as cheap and very much better than it used to be."

So said the suburbanite. But suburbs can no more be put into a class than women's hats can. Successive rings of them, like the circles that mark the growth of a tree, have become incorporated with the city and are mere names. This process goes on continually. Hinsdale is sixteen miles west, in a pleasant country, where there are many farms and a native (so to speak) population with its own strictly local life and industry. About this suburb the aspect is as peacefully rural as though it were a hundred miles from the city's smoke. But if you should go sixteen miles north you would find quite a different atmosphere—with the cost of living very greatly augmented in the last ten years because of such necessaries of life as automobiles, garages, golf jackets, hunt dinners (the hunting having been dutifully performed by the steward in South Water Street), landscape gardening, artificial lakes, and all the other little items that one finds so needful when one has the price.

However few comparatively, those who do have the price are positively many. See the advertisements of holiday goods, the store windows, the motor cars that now roll where, ten years ago, the humble bicycle used to flit. Where does the money come from? Not from shoveling cinders. Wages of carpenters and engineers do not account for it. No bank clerk or floor-walker has abandoned his bike for a six-cylinder. Lawyers and doctors tell shocking stories about the average income in those ancient professions. As for the educator, I omit the views of university professors at a season when it is every one's duty to be as cheerful as possible.

In short, after taking into account all the great, staple callings, there must remain in a city like Chicago a huge margin of miscellanies. This man has a little advertising agency, and spends fifteen thousand a year. The other draws a portly income from a patented article that you may never have heard of. Second floor on the right is interested in a zinc mine, and his chauffeur smokes fifteen-cent cigars. The large red car belongs to the happy owner of seven blood-and-thunder melodramas. I heard a man complain bitterly about the extortionate wages of servants, and learned that he was the proprietor of a flourishing dancing academy. There are nearly three billions of money in circulation against a little over a billion and a half ten years ago. The number of little pipe-lines connected with the stream is really astonishing. In this wide marginal field there is, of course, no gauge of the comparative cost of living; but there is plenty of collateral evidence that it has increased splendorously.

**Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on the cost of living.**

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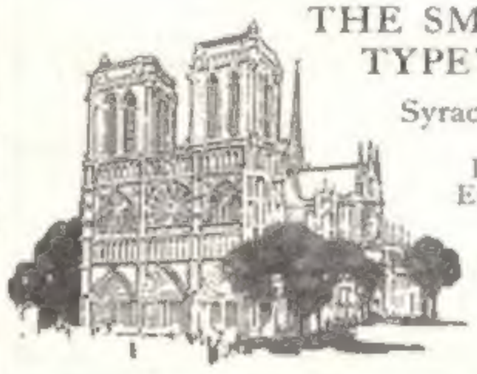

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Douglas, Tender and True
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Forty-Nine Bottles
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Good-Night, Ladies
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Her Bright Smile
Highland Mary
Holland's National Hymn
Home, Sweet Home
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John Brown's Body
Juanita
Killarney
Last Night
Last Rose of Summer
Love At Home
Maggie by My Side
Maryland, My Maryland
Massa's In De Cold Ground
Minstrel Boy
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Nelly of the Hazel Dell
Oft in the Stilly Night
Old Cabin Home
Old Folks at Home
Old Kentucky Home
Old Oaken Bucket
Robin Adair
Rocked in Cradle of the Deep
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Russian Hymn
Scots Wha Hae
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# *Two weeks ago we offered to pay you a weekly salary*

If you would give us all or a part of your time. Hundreds of answers were received to this announcement and those who wrote, together with several thousand persons previously appointed, are now earning money through our offer. The opportunity is still open and if you so desire you can still take advantage of it. The offer is this:

If you will give either all or a part of your time to the work of representing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among your friends and neighbors—to looking after their renewals and sending new orders—we will pay you a weekly salary and an extra commission. We require no guarantee as to the amount of business to be sent and there is not one cent of expense to you. We take all the risk. Just ask for information and everything necessary will be sent.

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CIRCULATION BUREAU, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA.

# FRANKLIN

## The Franklin does not stop for cold or snow.

### Air-cooled engine—No freezing troubles. Light weight, with strength and high power—Not easily stalled.

**No water-cooled engine can be as dependable as a Franklin—winter or summer.**

**Water freezes at 32°.** Then, any minute something may burst in a water-cooled motor-car. In winter there's always risk of broken radiators, cracked cylinders, and leaky plumbing.

**No such troubles with the air-cooled Franklin.**

**On the other hand** you cannot safely run a water-cooled engine hot enough to get its best efficiency. The hotter you can run a gas engine without igniting the lubricant, the more power you get out of your fuel. But water boils at 212°. Above that point trouble is always due with a water-cooled motor.

**The Franklin has nothing to boil.** The engine runs at a constant outside cylinder wall temperature of about 350°—always too cool to burn the lubricant, but hot enough to get the best possible work out of the gasoline.

**In the great efficiency contest** the Franklin went 87 miles on 2 gallons of gasoline. The nearest competitor (water-cooled) went 48 miles.

**Franklins have no junk to lug.** No water-pipes, pump, jacket, tank, radiator or water. They are light-weight all through, combined with strength and high power. This means trouble avoided and dollars saved.

Ishpeming, Mich., Dec. 28, '07.

"No another car aside from the Franklins, has turned a wheel here in the past two months, and no driver of any of the water-cooled class would risk any of the anti-freezing solutions. In a zero temperature my Franklin cars are going steadily, and a foot of snow offers no serious obstacle."

GEORGE A. NEWETT, Editor "Iron Ore."

**Reliable automobiling 365 days in the year.**

The best book ever written on this important subject of high power and light weight is the Franklin catalogue for 1908

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| 16 h. p. Four-cylinder Runabout | $1750 | 28 h. p. Four-cylinder Touring-car | $2850 | 28 h. p. Landaulet | $4000 |
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Prices f. o. b. Syracuse

## H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.